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the Monster Times

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STAR TREK RETURNS!!! P.25

SAGA OF OPERATOR 5! P.6

THE WORST WEREWOLF! P.19

THE UNSINKABLE SHRINKING MAN! P.20

HORROR MOVIE COMICS! P.23

FIRST COLLECTOR'S ISSUE
TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS PAGE 11

GODZILLA VS. THE THING! P. 5

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the Monster Times

FLASH! BULLETIN!! EXTRA!!!
STAR TREK TO FLY AGAIN!

Read all about the new STAR TREK feature film on Page 24 of this typically gala issue
in our EXCLUSIVE TMT INTERVIEW with STAR TREK's august mentor, GENE RODDENBERRY!

STAR TREK KEEPS ON TREKIN

And while you're on your way to page 24, be prepared to first encounter such formidable heroes and fiends as GODZILLA and his arch-enemy, THE THING, paranoid pulp hero OPERATOR 5, TV's THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK, the diminutive but durable INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, and, lying just beyond that newsworthy page, THE WIZARD OF GORE, director Herschell Gordon Lewis, much-maligned mastermind of the "blood'n'gore" genre. You'll also want to make sure to peruse our special and (hopefully) one-time-only TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS insert (one that bares the private lives of Toho's top terror stars), Martin A. Jackson's erudite discourse on FRIGHT FILM RENTING, and horror historian Ron Haydock's continuation of his MONSTER MOVIE COMICS series. Other amazing frights, sights and true-life stories also await your scrutiny within this, the latest and (as usual) greatest issue of THE MONSTER TIMES. Remember: If you didn't see it here first, then you probably saw it someplace else.

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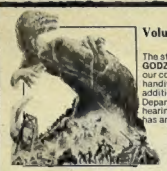
Volume 1 Number 42



The stirringly recreated scene from GODZILLA VS. THE THING gracing our cover this issue was the horrific handiwork of Joe Tribuzgo, newest addition to TMT's talented Art Department. You'll no doubt be hearing more of Joe—at least if he has any say in the matter.

the Monster Times

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

3 **GODZILLA VS. THE THING!:** Godzilla, untold tons of fighting fury, squares off against Mothra in Mark Rainey's royal TMT filmbook treatment of Toho's GODZILLA VS. THE THING.

6 **PARANOID PULP!:** Pulp scholar Don Hutchison harks us back to the days when men were men, women were ladies and America was under constant seige in his history of pulp hero OPERATOR 5. PAGE 24

9 **IT CAME FROM OUT OF THE MONSTER SCENE!:** In addition to the usual fascinating stuff, the latest edition of our ever-popular Monster Scene announces the winners of the annual Count Dracula Society awards.

10 **HORROR IN THE HOME!:** Martin Jackson reviews Macmillan Audio Brandon's TRANSYLVANIAN CATALOGUE and tells how you can view the films of your choice in the privacy of your very own home.

11 **TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS!:** NATIONAL LAMPOON scribe and frequent hate mail target Dean Latimer takes us on a behind-the-scenes tour of the torrid private lives of Toho's top monster stars.

16 **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING CENTERFOLD!:** Our latest monstrous visual masterpiece is a skin-crawling collage of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN confronting the outsized terrors of his tiny world. PAGE 24

19 **WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK!:** This latest addition to our ever-expanding Lousy Film archives has wooden acting, an atrocious script, a dumb premise and now, as a final indignity, a full page in TMT. PAGE 6

20 **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN!:** Jason Thomas contributes an arresting photo story adaptation of Jack Arnold's paranoid classic, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, a tale of demonic diminution.

23 **MONSTER MOVIE COMICS REVISITED!:** Part the Second of horror historian Ron Haydock's survey on Monster Movie Comics focuses on Poe, Verne and other stars of book, screen and comics. PAGE 20

24 **CRYPT-TICKS!:** The always reliable, ever dependable TMT Teletype is alive and tickin' with sinister scoops from all phases of the media, including updated TV terror film reviews. PAGE 26

25 **SHEPPERTON SELLS OUT!:** Shepperton Studios, site of some of Britain's most famous fright films, closed its doors recently, but not before staging a decidedly eerie auction, as Mark Carducci reports.

26 **WIZARD OF GORE!:** That's the title we've thoughtfully bestowed upon filmmaker Herschell Gordon Lewis, the man who invented the blood'n'gore movie, who states his case to a TMT interviewer.

Your friendly fiends at TMT are happy to report that the monster biz has been booming of late, with such fantasy-oriented film fare as THE STEPFORD WIVES, THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, STEPPENWOLF, THE BEAST MUST DIE and many others all seeing release within a few short months of each other, as well as a proliferation of plays with titles like THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW and APE OVER BROADWAY. Since none of these monstrous media offerings will be discussed in this issue, however, there's no point in going on about them here.

Better we should move right along to the issue at hand. For inveterate Godzillaphiles and all-around Japanese monster fans, we've got not one but TWO special fright features that should secure your fancy. Special fright feature #1 is Mark Rainey's fast-moving filmbook of Toho's 1965 production of GODZILLA VS. THE THING, in which the "Big G" battles Mothra, and a giant monster egg is ruthlessly exploited by a pair of greedy capitalists (it will all become clear when you read it). As if that weren't action enough even for the most gluttonous of Godzilla enthusiasts, we're also running NATIONAL LAMPOON writer Dean Latimer's TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS, a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at the tumultuous off-screen lives led by such turbulent Toho terrors as Godzilla, Mothra, Rodan and even King Kong—not to mention Marilyn Monstress.

For doomsday freaks, we've seen to it that a strong streak of paranoia runs through this entire issue. There's Don Hutchison's lively look at OPERATOR 5, a 30s pulp superman who was constantly battling foreign forces and hostile powers bent upon destroying America-as-he-knew-it; Jason Thomas' photo story of Jack Arnold's classic 50s nuclear paranoia tale, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN; and, bringing us right up to date, TMT correspondent Randy Palmer's honest, in-depth interview with Herschell Gordon Lewis, the man responsible for singlehandedly inventing the "blood-and-gore" genre by producing such paranoia-provoking titles as BLOOD FEAST, 2000 MANIACS, GRUESOME TWOSOME and WIZARD OF GORE.

The TMT Dept. of Corrections would like to point out several unforgivable errors that crept their way into our last issue and simultaneously beg your forgiveness for each and every unpardonable faux pas that appeared. On page 5, a caption identifies a scene from IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE as one in which the space crew suffocates the Martian stowaway; actually the scene depicted the crew's tear gas attack on the alien. Also, one of the actors in that film was incorrectly identified as Richard Harvey; that should have read Richard Hervey. Trivial transgressions to be sure, but ones we feel compelled to answer for nonetheless, particularly in light of the fact that we made several major mistakes that we're NOT admitting to here.

So overwhelmed were we by the volume of talented submissions to our Creature Coloring Contest that we've decided to withhold our verdict till next issue. Forward all hisses and boos to the TMT Creature Coloring Contest Judges, in care of this publication. □

Joe

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TELL IT TO THE EDITOR

Campbells's Complaint

To the Editor...

The Monster Times isn't a bad magazine. Granted its got something going for it. But like most sub-par publications it spends too much time condemning competitors and people and lousy movies when not stopping to look at itself.

I would like to point out a few flaws with TMT and I hope you will not be offended.

First of all, the idea of a monster newspaper is not a bad one but the way you have handled it is inept. The paper on which it is printed is second rate and when you open the "magazine" often you tear it which ruins the article inside. I realize good quality paper must be difficult to get. Often when you fold up the paper the pages become uneven which crumples everything and makes it hard and annoying to read something when it's falling to pieces in your hands.

Secondly, the thing I really can't stand about lesser publications is the fact that they make an all out effort to condemn competitors and slipshod movies by the likes of Larry Buchanan when you yourselves could qualify on the level of Buchanan by the way that you know your mag could be better yet you simply ignore this fact and it shows up obviously. The articles are always finding something rotten to say about everything. TMT makes itself heared if only by the fact that it has more amps than aptitude.

Thirdly, The way you handle stills is terrible, cutting out sections of them and rearranging them. The idea of a still with part of a member overlapping the margin is a good idea but when they are cut out with all the coordination of a nursery school dropout then the mag takes on the shoddy, lifeless look so along associated with it. When space limitations are too tight you take an interesting still and cut it up, cramp it together, rearrange the positions of the figures and then shade in parts of the thing with marking pen, chalk, or some other junk in order to "highlight" the design when it increases the shoddiness of the mag.

TMT has some good writers who often pop up in print to give us an intriguing article marred by inept arrangement.

Issue 40's trip down "Mediocrity Lane" was a more-than-fitting thing you put into your magazine. It has to be your most symbolic work so far.

Quit fighting a losing battle by touting that super-turtle Gamera. Have you seen any of his movies? They are so inept and laughable that you can hardly get to sleep after they're over. And there is much question as to whether Gamera has 20 million fans or is it, just like your magazine, that 20 million just sounds better than 20?

Donald Campbell
Regina, Sask., Canada

There's nothng we at TMT like better than sound constructive criticism. While we found precious little of it in your letter, we do appreciate your taking the time and expending the energy to voice your creature complaints. As for the paper ripping when you turn the pages and crumpling when you try to fold it, perhaps if you had your claws trimmed every so often these problems might be eliminated.

TMT Society

TMT says hello to Monster Times Society Members Gary "The Big G" Schlesinger, Long Beach, N.Y., and Keith & Chet Quint Coral Gables Fla.

Hello!

Down on Dean

To the Editor...

Congratulations go to TMT for printing the worst article (if it can be called such) I have ever read. I am referring to GODZILLAS FROM OUTER SPACE. It is filled with false analogies, misrepresentation of von Daniken's ideas and horrible writing. While I personally do not put much stock in many of von Daniken's theories (especially after reading SOME TRUST IN CHARIOTS, published by Pyramid Books), Latimer's article is almost enough to make me a believer.

On to more cheerful matters: The reason that Tom Rogers didn't like THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH while liking Michael Moorcock's work is probably because the movie was designed, directed, and written by Robert Fuest. It only slightly resembles Moorcock's THE FINAL PROGRAMME.

Bruce W. Steenson
Torrance, Calif.

Glad you liked most of the issue, Dave. TMT writer "Mean Dean" Latimer has given us his solemn word that he will indeed try to write better articles in the future. Whether or not forces beyond his control (or very comprehension) will allow him to make good his pledge remains, of course, to be seen.

Latimer Lover

To the Editor...

I would like to congratulate Mr. Latimer on how he handled that immature kid that used such vulgar language in TMT #40. Personally I thought Mr. Latimer's article was fantastic! All I can say is keep up the great work on TMT.

John Cadwell
Pontiac, Mich.

Well, it's nice to know SOMEBODY out there likes him.

The Devil's Due

To the Editor...

First let me say this: "Your magazine is great!" Now to get down to business—have you put a feature on THE EXORCIST in your great magazine yet? If so, which issue is it in? I'm a newcomer to your great magazine and I haven't seen anything big on THE EXORCIST. I know the movie is hardly talked about anymore, but I still think it deserves a full-length feature in your great magazine. If you haven't put it in yet. Remember: Better late than never!

John Simmons
Ridgewood, N.Y.

Thanks for the great letter, John. As a matter of fact, the very next issue of TMT will be a special All-Exorcism, All-Demon issue and will feature expansive articles on demon movies (including THE EXORCIST), comics, and other diabolical media offerings. Watch for it.

Got a gripe? Somethin' you want to get off your hairy chest? Or, perchance, a nice note of praise for your friendly fiends at TMT? Then send them straight to us. Remember: It takes all kinds ... and so do we. Address all correspondences to: To the Editor, THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.

www.zombosscloset.com

Seems like only yesterday that we last ran a royal TMT filmbook on a Japanese monster movie but, checking our voluminous records, we find that we haven't run nary a one since Gammera's monstrous mea culpa appeared back in TMT 37. So, due to popular demand and our own desire not to slight the eerie offerings of Toho's terror team, we decided to kick off this issue in grand Godzilla style with Mark Rainey's filmbook on GODZILLA VS. THE THING, a 1965 epic that pitted the "Big G" against Mothra, as well as a team of dedicated team of investigative reporters against a pair of ruthless capitalists. You'll discover all the dire details of the whole sordid story in...

As you can plainly see, the "Big G" was all business in Toho's GODZILLA VS. THE THING, a monster romp filmed before his conversion to good guy status in later epics like GHIDRAH, THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER and DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. TMT writer Mark Rainey's swat-by-swat account of Godzilla's run-in with Mothra begins below.

GODZILLA VS. THE THING

BY MARK RAINEY

Off the coast of Japan, a terrible typhoon rages. Buildings and houses are washed away as water floods the land. Boats in the harbor are knocked onto the shore as if they were mere toys. The scene is one of awful destruction, and all the inhabitants of the area can do is watch in helpless horror until the storm subsides.

By the following morning, reconstruction crews are already working on restoring the demolished area. The weather is clear and sunny, and reporters gather to watch the rebuilding. Sakai and Yuka, two reporters from Nagoya, are trying to get a good story. Sakai shouts at Yuka for not taking pictures when there is so much going on.

"I want to capture this!" he says angrily. "My articles are not enough. I must have photographs to go with them, and I want them today!"

The head of the project shouts for the people to move. He finds Sakai, and excoriates the young reporter. "Young man, come here! What's the idea of writing these articles?"

Sakai tells him that the typhoon demolished the industrialization project.

"That's not what I mean! Your articles make it sound as if our deadline is hopeless. That's not true, I tell you. It will be done." He explains that they will take all the seawater and pump it back into the ocean. He adds, "That story was a lie!"

Yuka is still trying to set up the camera.

"How many did you get?" aska Sakai.

"None yet, this is my first."

Sakai is exasperated. "This isn't art, you know. Just go ahead and shoot!" He goes to the camera. "Let me show you how it's done, Yuka!" cries Sakai in despair. He looks through the viewfinder. "What are you taking a picture of? What is that thing?"

"I've no idea, really," Yuka replies. "It's very pretty, don't you think?" The object is a colorful piece of mysterious matter floating close to shore.

• • •

At the city desk, the editor of the paper, one Mr. Marota, answers the phone. "Hello, Marota speaking." He looks at another reporter, Tonamoa, who is eating an egg. "What...Right!...I'll send a man right away!" He hangs up and turns to Tonamoa. "Where's Sakai?"

Tonamoa says that he's at Korada beach. Marota tells Tonamoa to put down the egg; there's a big story unfolding at the beach.

"What story?"

"About a monster egg!"

"A monster egg!

GODS GUARANTEE SAILORS' SAFETY

Out in the ocean, a gigantic, oval thing is floating. The head of the project tells a group of fishermen to retrieve the egg. However, many cries of protest immediately arise. "We'll be killed!" they insist.

"Oh, what's the matter with you?" cries an old priest. "The gods will protect you from any monster's curse!"

The boss says, "Now, bring it in. You'll all be safe, thanks to the gods." The fishermen then eagerly go out in their boats to fetch the large object.

From a helicopter, a number of reporters watch as the egg is towed to the shore.

After the egg is beached, a Professor Murai examines it. Sakai attempts to ask Dr. Murai a few questions, but the professor says he is too busy. Finally, he gives in, and Sakai asks if he thinks that the monster egg might explode.

"I don't know the answer!" he barks.

Suddenly, a man arrives and tells a group of men with him to rope off the area. He shouts at Dr. Murai. "You there, don't touch that egg!"

"Who are you?"

"Since you ask, I'm Kumayama, the great entrepreneur."

"Oh, you are?" asks Murai, reproachfully.

Kumayama smiles. "I bought this egg. It belongs to a company now."

Murai asks who sold it to him. A fisherman interrupts and says that he did and further asserts that he had a right to sell it—the egg was on his property. However, Murai objects and says that scientists should be able to observe it, instead of its being exploited as a tourist attraction. Kumayama tells Yuka to take his picture. But as she does, Kumayama blows smoke from his cigar into the lens. "That picture ought to be excellent!" he laughs.

• • •

At Dr. Murai's hotel, Yuka sits with Sakai, pouting about the incident at the beach. Sakai tells Murai that if he goes to the authorities, then he will lend his support. Murai, however, thinks it would be useless to try. As they go downstairs, Sakai sees Kumayama and follows him to Room 10, where a man named Torahotta lodges. Sakai quickly discovers that Torahotta is the one who really makes all the plans and finances Kumayama's project.

Torahotta tells Kumayama that their plan is perfect.

"It's wrong!" an unseen voice begs to differ.

The two men look around to see where the voice came from. "Spies!" yells Torahotta. They cover the plans, and gasp

Godzilla rears his less-than-lovely head to keep abreast of the action as busy humans deal and connive for possession of the potentially profitable egg.

as they see something—the tiny Aelinas, the guardians of the monster Mothra—standing before them. The two little girls speak in unison. "We beg you to return our egg. Return it!"

Torahotta tells Kumayama to grab them, but the diminutive duo eludes his grasp.

Sakai, having heard all, bursts into the room. "Did I hear a fight?" he inquires.

Kumayama tells Sakai to get out.

"Get out and stay out!" seconds Torahotta.

Sakai leaves and tells Yuka and Dr. Murai that a man named Shiro Torahotta is the brains behind Kumayama and Happy Enterprises, the firm that bought the egg. "Torahotta has influence. He's well acquainted with all the big politicians in the city."

"I see, an exploiter," nods Yuka.

"Please return the egg!" a small, female voice cries.

Sakai asks if Yuka said anything. Yuka directs her glance to a tree branch. "Look there!" she gasps. The two men look to see the two tiny Aelinas sitting on the branch.

The petite Aelinas, diminutive harbingers of large-scale doom, stand before the eerie, unhatched egg that washes up at Korada beach...an egg that soon becomes an object of curiosity, terror and greed. Confused onlookers can't make heads or tails of it, perhaps because eggs, even giant radioactive monster eggs, are quite bereft of either of those commodities.

Godzilla, looking out for Number One, sets his outsized sights on new worlds to conquer

"Please return the egg!" they cry together. They explain that they come from Mothra's island. Sakai gasps in disbelief.

"I've heard of your island," Dr. Murai offers. "Weren't atomic tests conducted there after the war?"

"Yes, they were!"

Sakai asks, "You say the egg belongs to you?"

The Aelinas say that it belongs to Mothra.

"Mothra!" cries Sakai.

"Yes, it lives on our island," the twins reply as one.

They then tell of the hurricane and how the egg fell into the sea. "It was lost. Can you help us return it? It belongs back on our island. The natives are praying that the egg be returned to the island."

Murai tells them that Kumayama owns the egg.

"We went to see Kumayama. They almost murdered us!"

Murai says that they would probably do anything to make a fortune.

The twins counter by saying that if the egg is not returned, a larva will hatch, one that might cause great destruction in its search for food. "That is what we want to save you from." The Aelinas tell the group that the Thing, Mothra, wants the egg back, too. Murai asks where Mothra is.

"Over there," the girls reply.

"I see nothing there!"

"Look behind you, through the trees!"

They turn and look. In the distance, they see the huge, winged figure of Mothra, on top of a hill.

THE EGG AND THEM

"Ridiculous! You have no claim," Torahotta cries. Sakai, Yuka, and Dr. Murai are seated in his hotel room. They try to persuade the greedy capitalists to give the egg back to the island.

"I'm sorry that I can be of no help to you. It's my money, true, but really, Kumayama decides these things," Torahotta insists.

"We know better than that!"

"You may think what you like," snaps Torahotta. He tells two guards to throw them out of the room, but Sakai resists. Yuka takes out a large sewing basket and opens it. Inside are the Aelinas. "They came to reason with you!" says Yuka.

Torahotta and Kumayama discuss something for a moment. Then they turn to Murai. "We'll buy the girls! You'll get rich!"

"You're crazy!" shouts Sakai. The three then get up and prepare to leave. Kumayama follows, trying to make a deal with them, but they will not accept the offer.

At the hotel, the three try to figure out some sort of plan to return the egg to the island. Suddenly, they find that the Aelinas have gotten out of the basket and have disappeared. They crawl around on the floor searching for the girls.

"Perhaps they decided to return to their island!" Dr. Murai figures.

Sakai thinks that such is the case, and they rush outside. Suddenly, the Aelinas' voices can be heard. Bidding the group goodbye. Mothra takes to the air, generating an angry wind that nearly knocks them off their feet.

• • •

At Happy Enterprises, a huge incubator is being built around the egg. Inside the office, a group of fishermen gather around Kumayama, who is seated at a desk. "You have given us almost nothing so far! We demand that you pay us the rest of what you owe!" shouts one.

"It's not only for the monster egg that you owe! You haven't given us the rent for this land. We want that too!" Others heatedly concur with that statement.

Kumayama tells them to get out, that he will pay them tomorrow. After they leave, he phones the hotel and asks for Room 10. Torahotta answers. "Ah! This is Kumayama. I've heard the exhibition has been delayed." Torahotta says that it will open on schedule. "I'll take care of anyone who tries to interfere...What's that?...No money until later!"

Kumayama tells him of the incident with the fishermen. "No need to panic! Suppose I loan you a little. Let's say putting up your stock in the company? As collateral." Kumayama doesn't think this is a good idea, but he finally gives in.

• • •

Sakai is seated at a desk at the newspaper office. Marota and Tonamoa are with him. Sakai is worried about his articles, which seem to be giving the paper a bad name. The phone rings and Marota answers it. They learn that incubation has started. Yuka enters and tells Sakai that Dr. Murai wants to see him. Marota tells Tonamoa to cover the story of the monster egg, since he is so fond of eggs.

RADIOACTIVE REPORTERS

At Dr. Murai's laboratory, Yuka and Sakai are decontaminated of the radioactivity which they absorbed while visiting the industrialization site. Dr. Murai also shows them the strange object that Yuka saw at the beach. It is also radioactive.

The battle begins in earnest and it's death rays at dawn as Godzilla and Mothra square off to settle their monstrous differences. While not particularly mindful of the fates of tiny humans who happen to get underfoot, Mothra at least possesses powerful maternal instincts that are admirable to behold.

The three then go to the beach, where Sakai shows Murai the exact place where the thing was lying. However, there is no radioactivity now. The head of the project approaches the three and suggests that Sakai write a story about it. Sakai says that they are testing for radioactivity.

"Radioactivity?" asks the boss.

"Yes!" Sakai replies.

"I'm building an industrial area. What is this radioactivity? What's going on?"

Murai states that he is conducting an experiment. The boss tells him to clear out, that they're holding up production. Sakai goes to tell Yuka to get her things together.

"I'm trying to get a shot of the area, but the land is moving! Look over there!"

In the middle of a cleared area, the earth is stirring and rumbling. As the movement increases, a scaly, whip-like object shoots up from the crevice. People scream and begin to flee the area. A huge mound of earth rises and falls away, revealing...the terrible **Godzilla!**

Soon, an emergency message is broadcast on radio and television.

"Emergency! Emergency! Just a few moments ago, Godzilla appeared at Korada beach. It is presently moving toward Nagoya. We will be issuing emergency instructions. Keep your television and radio turned on!"

In Nagoya, Godzilla starts lumbering through the city. He fires his radioactive ray, causing several buildings to burst into flame. Fire trucks speed through the streets and the army is quickly called out. Special messages are broadcast over public address systems as air raid sirens wail.

"Emergency! Emergency! Godzilla is approaching this district. You are advised to leave the danger area immediately. Emergency! Emergency! Godzilla is approaching!"

Within only a short period of time, Nagoya is turned into a fiery death trap for thousands of helpless people!

It mightn't have been the COUP DE GRACE, but I'm pretty sure I winged him.

It's every monster for itself as Mothra executes effective flying wing-chop at the expense of Godzilla's jaw. Why the film—the fourth in Toho's ongoing Godzilla series—listed Mothra as "the Thing" rather than by her actual name remains a mystery.

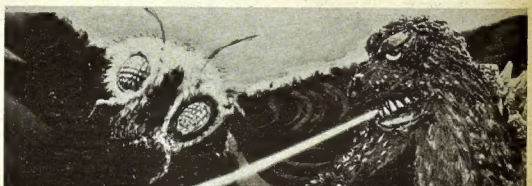
AMERICANS ENTER FRIGHT FRAY

A large group of American ships approaches the beach where Godzilla was last sighted. The commander sees Godzilla through his binoculars and gives the order to launch the attack. Soon, the missiles are fired, and Godzilla is bombarded with the rockets. Before long, the whole beach is hidden from view, so great is the destruction caused by the weapons. Smoke shrouds the entire area. An officer asks if the weapon was effective. "Can't tell, there's too much smoke!" comes the reply. As the smoke clears, they see Godzilla, still alive. The missiles had no effect at all on the beast!

• • •

At the newspaper office, Marota, Tonamoa, Sakai, Yuka, and Dr. Murai discuss what should be done. Tonamoa has just arrived from the beach area. He suggests asking Mothra for help. However, Marota opines that Tonamoa is being absurd and that he should have stayed at the beach. "Godzilla is coming. We left as fast as we could!"

Dr. Murai voices the opinion that Tonamoa's idea was not absurd, and they decide to ask the Aelinas to persuade Mothra to help them.



Summoned forth from her infant island home, Mothra flies into the thick of combat to protect her precious egg against the insensitive ravages of a rampaging Godzilla.

• • •

At a special military meeting, American and Japanese officials meet to try and figure out a plan to stop Godzilla. One of them is explaining a new weapon, the Frontier Missile, a very powerful rocket. A man enters the room and hands the Japanese General a message, which he promptly reads, "All right," he says. "All forces will consoldiate. We must attempt to hold this line, gentlemen. The Americans will have to send in their fleet."

• • •

A small plane carrying Murai, Sakai, and Yuka nears Infant Islant, where Mothra lives. The seaplane lands, and the three paddle ashore in a small raft. As they go ashore, they are amazed at how desolate the island is, a desolation caused by atomic tests. There are skeletons of animals on the ground, reminding them that this ravaged wasteland was once a beautiful island.

Suddenly, a group of natives jump out and grab the trio. They take them to their chief, who gives them some sort of drink.

He says that they are now cleansed of evil spirits.

"Why have you come?" the chief wants to know.

"Sir, we have need of your assistance," says Dr. Murai. Yuka persuades the chief to take them to Mothra, where they find the Aelinas chanting to it. As they finish, Dr. Murai informs them of his mission. The Aelinas finally agree, but Mothra is dying and will not last long.

Another plan is being put into effect in an effort to stop Godzilla. He is to be confined to a restricted area and shocked to death by electricity.

Back from Infant Island, the three watch near Happy Enterprises, waiting for Mothra's arrival. Tonamoa arrives and says that he has come to see Godzilla. Sakai, however, says that it is foolish to remain while Godzilla is so near.

"Unless I keep my eyes on the monster egg, I'll be fired, the editor said," Tonamoa relates.

"But you're crazy if you don't go. Godzilla will kill you."

"I'm not as afraid of Godzilla as I am of the editor," says Tonamoa. "He's meaner!"

Sakai asks where Kumayama is. No one knows.

• • •

At the hotel, Kumayama bursts into the room, shouts at Torahotta for taking his fortune, and threatens to kill him. "Please, don't kill me!" begs Torahotta. Kumayama hits him in the face several times and runs to the safe. He opens it and begins to pile money into his coat. However, Torahotta regains consciousness. "Please don't shoot me!" thinks Kumayama. Torahotta shoots him. He grabs the money and sees Godzilla coming. He runs into the hall, but Godzilla crushes the building.

MONSTROUS MATCH-UP

Murai, Sakai, and Yuka watch for Mothra, as Godzilla nears the site of the incubator. The giant monster smashes the incubator and the egg rolls toward a bunch of rocks. It hits them, but is not damaged. Suddenly, Mothra appears in the sky and begins circling Godzilla's head, luring him away from the egg. The Aelinas approach the three. They watch together as the two giant monsters duel to the death.

Mothra grabs Godzilla's tail, drags him along the ground, and then sprays him with a yellow powder. It is a poison that will kill Godzilla. However, he breaks loose and breathes his lethal fire at the winged monster. It burns one of her wings, and she flies to the egg...and dies!

The army moves in and Godzilla is led into the area where the electrical trap has been set up. The power is turned on, and thousands of volts of electricity shoot through the monster's body. He roars in pain and destroys the electrical towers with his ray.

Helicopters approach the area, carrying a huge metal net that will be dropped on Godzilla and shock him to death. More squadrons attack and drop still more nets on the struggling behemoth. The electricity is turned up, and Godzilla shrieks furiously. He manages to free his head, destroy the nets, and melt the electrical towers. He then liberates the rest of his body and moves toward the ocean.

At the bay, people run in all directions to escape from Godzilla, who is getting closer by the minute. A man runs to one of the boats. "Please, take the boat out!" he cries. The captain tells him to get out of the boat. The man explains that there are children on the island of Iwa, a few kilometers offshore. However, Godzilla appears and the whole area is trampled.

The Aelinas are chanting to the monster egg. The natives on Infant Island also chant to it, telepathically. The egg begins to crack, and a tremendous caterpillar forces its way out. Suddenly, another appears and joins the first one. Yuka explains, "Look at that! There are two!" Then, a land rover approaches them. Tonamoa gets out and tells them that Godzilla is nearing Iwa Island. Children and teachers have been trapped there!

On Iwa Island, the children manage to climb to the top of the island. Miss Kobayashi, their teacher, leads them. They scramble even faster when they hear Godzilla gaining on them.

Sakai, Yuka, Murai, and the Aelinas arrive at the destroyed harbor. They find the man and he points to the island. "The children! They'll all be killed!"

Soon, they see the two caterpillars swimming toward Iwa Island. Sakai says that while Godzilla is fighting, they can go around the island and rescue them. They hurry into a boat and speed to the island.

RUGGED RESCUE

On the island, Godzilla destroys a number of buildings as the two caterpillars follow him. He turns and fires his ray at them, but they elude harm by ducking behind some rocks. One bites Godzilla's tail and is beaten against the rocks. The other one sprays Godzilla with the silk-like substance they use for making cocoons. The two spray the huge beast until most of his head has been covered by the silk.

Dr. Murai, Sakai, and Yuka run into one of the caves in search of the children. They begin calling to them.

"Where are you?"

This closeup of the creature combatants would seem to give Mothra the momentary advantage. Her lethal yellow powder fails to fell her adversary, however, and she is forced to resort to more direct methods of dealing with him.

"Here!" Miss Kobayashi cries.

"Where are you?"

"In here!"

She and the children emerge from the cave and run to the boat. They watch Godzilla and the two caterpillars as they fight. Godzilla's upper body has been completely covered by the silk-like substance. He staggers blindly, trying to rip off this silken strait-jacket, and, in so doing, stumbles over the edge of the cliff and falls into the sea. For a few moments, the water churns and bubbles, then all is quiet. The two caterpillars swim toward Inffant Island, while Murai, Sakai and Yuka bring the teacher and children ashore.

"The children are all fine!" says Sakai.

"All right?"

"Yes, let's go.

They turn and wave to the two monster caterpillars. They swim on, and soon are out of sight. ■

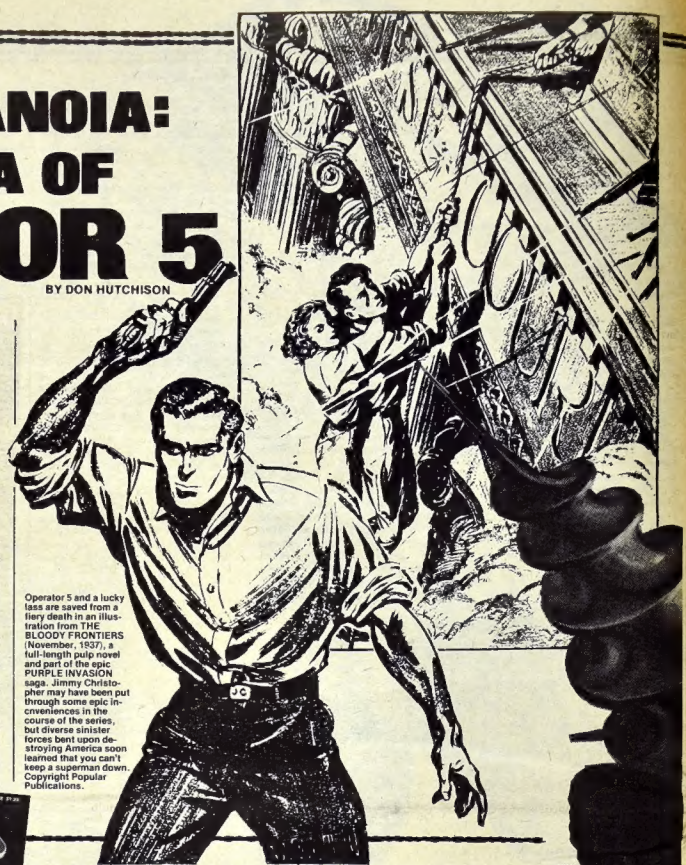
GODZILLA VS. THE THING (1965) Toho Films. 90 minutes. Directed by Inoshiro Honda. Screenplay by Shinichi Sekizawa. Starring Godzilla, Mothra, Akira Takarada, Yuriko Hoshi, Hiroshi Koizumi, Yu Fujiki.

Godzilla takes it lying down, temporarily at least, while Mothra soars overhead in an attempt to escape hostile tankfire. Though the "Big G" finally won the battle, Mothra's offspring sent the two-fisted dinosaur over the edge of a convenient cliff to save the day, as all ended well for those for whom things should end in just such a manner. As for Godzilla, he was back, haier and hardier than ever, to antagonize anew in GODZILLA VS. THE SEA MONSTER in 1966.

PULP PARANOIA: THE SAGA OF OPERATOR 5

BY DON HUTCHISON

It's oft been said that what this country needs is a good 10¢ apocalypse. Well, back in the '30s, when pulp magazines flourished, fans of OPERATOR 5, Secret Service Agent of Superhuman Stature, could expect to read about their hero battling one deadly menace or another bent on destroying America. In that late, great pulp series, savage hordes from mythical lands like Balkaria, actual enemy powers like Germany and Japan, aliens from other worlds and even creatures burrowing up from under the earth plunged the nation into one Armagedon crisis after another in the short six years of the pulp's existence. Perhaps the most paranoid of all the pulp thrillers, OPERATOR 5 may not be as fondly remembered as such former pulp peers as DOC SAVAGE and THE SHADOW, but as a crazy social mirror of its time, the series still proves one of the most fascinating, as Don Hutchison's following chronicle demonstrates...



Operator 5 and a lucky lass are saved from a fiery death in an illustration from THE BLOODY FRONTIERS (November, 1937), a full-length pulp novel and part of the epic PURPLE INVASION saga. Jimmy Christopher may have been put through some epic inconveniences in the course of the series, but diverse sinister forces bent upon destroying America soon learned that you can't keep a superman down. Copyright Popular Publications.

On the twenty-second day of the invasion of the United States by the Purple Emperor, a crowd of stunned, hopeless men and women gathered in Union Square in New York City to hear a proclamation of the conqueror.

The gray-shirted, steel-helmeted, stony-faced guards of the Central Empire used their sabres indiscriminately to keep the crowd in order. In the center of the square, a wide platform had been erected and upon it was a gruesome block, with a groove in the top, upon which a man might rest his head before it was chopped from his body by the executioner. Suddenly a stir ran through the sullen thousands in the square as a squat, broad-shouldered man stepped up on the platform in the center. He was naked from the waist up, and his chest was entirely covered with hair. His trousers were spattered with blood, and there were flecks of blood on his shoes. Black hair, matted and uncombed, fell over a low forehead to his eyes. He carried a huge broadsword on his shoulder and when he stopped beside the block it took both hands to rest the cumbersome weapon on the floor.

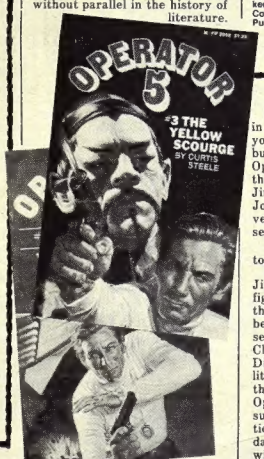
A low growl arose from the throng at the sight of him. Voices murmured: "The executioner! God, when will they stop?"

OPERATOR #5, June, 1936

The above scene, which began the June, 1936 issue of **OPERATOR 5** magazine, was but the beginning of a group of thirteen apocalyptic novels known as the **Purple Invasion** series. By pulp magazine standards, the **Purple Invasion** was daringly innovative. In the past, other paper heroes had grappled with avaricious dictators but never before with such horrendous consequences.

In a series of cataclysmic cliff-hangers, the **Purple Invasion** chronicled an assault upon America by the hordes of dictator Rudolph I of "Balkaria," the Purple Emperor. The complete saga ran well over three-quarters of a million words. Each novel detailed immense battles in America's second War of Independence. Numerous major characters were introduced, fought for several issues, then were summarily disposed of. At the end, America was left in ruins, Canada and Mexico were under the subjugation of vandal rule. Small wonder that the **Purple Invasion** has been called the **WAR AND PEACE** of the pulp magazines!

While Operator 5 is best remembered for the Purple saga, in fact the magazine ran for some 48 issues from April, 1934, with a novel called **The Masked Invasion**, until December of 1939, with **The Army From Underground.** It treated an isolationist United States to not one but scores of paranoid daymares without parallel in the history of literature.



While never attaining the fame of such pulp peers as Doc Savage and The Shadow, Operator 5 has been revived by two different publishers in the last decade alone. These reprints of THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE and THE YELLOW SCOURGE were put out by Freeway Press only last year and, though they sport covers that fail to capture the flavor of the original pulps, their very existence indicates that interest in the high-keyed adventures of Operator 5 remains extant.

SECRET SUPERMAN

Unlike his contemporaries Doc Savage and The Shadow, Operator 5 is long forgotten, replaced in the hearts of readers by hordes of pallid, latter-day imitators. But back in the thrill-hungry thirties, his adventures were devoured by hundreds of thousands of youths and men. To his fans he was a combination of Tarzan, Joe Namath, James Bond and Superman all rolled into one. Furthermore, in the early thirties, the secret agent was almost a fresh concept in genre fiction.

Secret Service Operator 5 was in reality James Christopher, a young man of incredible attributes. One is tempted to call Operator 5 the James Bond of the thirties, but compared to Jimmy, Bond is a piker, a Johnny-come-lately whose adventures pall into bland obesequies.

To be frank, Jimmy Christopher was a Superman.

Like most pulpwood heroes, Jimmy was a larger-than-life figure absolutely dedicated to the total eradication of Evil. He bested Bond in every field, save sexual gymnastics. While Jimmy Christopher had a girlfriend—Diane Elliot by name—there was little or no hanky-panky between them. Indeed, the possibility of Operator 5 even finding time for such shenanigans seems statistically unlikely. Instead, Jimmy's days (and nights) were taken up with the most incredible adventures ever to pour from the high-speed typewriter of a pulp writer. The titles alone were enough to raise hairs on a reader's scalp: **Invasion of the Crimson Death Cult, The Coming of the Mongol Hordes** and **Corpse Cavalry of the Yellow Vulture**, among others.

Even so, Operator 5's position in the pulp pantheon seems open to controversy. Some fans place him at the very top of the heap up there with the Spider and Doc Savage. Others find his adventures naive and jingoistic, particularly when compared to the fashionable modern cynicism of Bond and company.

In an early novel, **Masters of Broken Men**, the Vice-President of the United States is introduced to Operator 5. The description of Jimmy is typical:

"He was in his early twenties; his face was clean-cut and strong. His bright blue eyes flashed with the alertness of youth; his forehead was high, his chin firmly determined. He possessed a poise that added stature to his years and obviously he was an American through and through... On the back of his (right) hand shone a peculiar scar—a black and white marking shaped strangely like a spread-winged American eagle. Its wings seemed to flex, as though straining to take flight, as the young man's fingers moved."

SAVAGES RAVAGE D.A.R. BALL

The scene in which Jimmy is introduced to the Vice-President occurs at the very beginning of **Masters of Broken Men**. It takes place in Washington at the annual ball of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a scene of pomp and splendor as the General Staff and the highest heads of State regale themselves with music and laughter. Yet, within paragraphs of Jimmy's meeting with the Vice President incredible horror explodes.

As if at a signal, the doors of the ballroom swing open. Ten, twenty fearful apparitions appear.

They stride inside, naked bodies glistening, faces turning slowly right and left, their arms raised, hands gripping broad-bladed knives—a score of savages, barbaric, savage tribesmen, in the midst of the most fashionable social event of the season!

"Behind them the doors stood open. Startled hundreds saw a path marked by violent death. Still bodies lay in the corridor. Others sprawled on the steps rising from the street. Each bore the fearful marks of blows struck by the bright-bladed knives in the hands of the blacks.

"They had literally slashed their way into the hall and now, weapons held poised to hack again, they began a slow advance.

"Operator 5 stood in a cleared space, alone. Darkness clouded his blue eyes as he watched the living menace of the blacks spreading. Moving with queer, dancing steps, they formed a ragged circle, their grotesque faces outward. Two of them peered straight at Jimmy Christopher, brandishing their knives, their black eyes glinting like beads.

Diane Elliot, invaluable ally of Operator 5, assumes exotic guise, while the original cover from THE ARMY FROM THE UNDERGROUND (November, 1939), the final entry in the series, depicts giant Japanese slaughter machines ravaging the country, reflecting the fears and paranoia of a nation preparing for war. Among that pulp's more prophetic scenes was a detailed description of an atomic bomb attack.

"Operator 5's hand clicked loose the buckle of his belt. He whipped it away and it sprang out straight. It was a narrow sheath of leather; he flicked it off the thin, bright blade of a rapier. It flexed in the light, slender, supple, a needlepointed line of steel."

This scene was typical of openers in the hero pulps. The writer usually set up a bizarre, arresting situation, embroiled the hero in immediate action and then kept the poor devil riding a roller-coaster plot for some 80 or 90 action-filled pages. There was no time out for commercials and scant opportunities for the reader to catch his breath. It was storytelling in the grand manner —larger than life, chock full of audacious, delicious hokum.

EXOTIC ARSENAL

In order to cope with assorted fiends and monsters, Jimmy's belt-rapier was but one of the weapons he carried in his wardrobe arsenal. Others included his famous death's head ring, which bore the numeral 5 and contained a powerful explosive in the hollow top. There was a small gold ornament, a reproduction of a skull with ruby eyes, which Jimmy usually had clipped to his watch chain; inside the skull there was a silver ball containing Diphenolchlorasine, a death-dealing liquid which would change into gas upon contact with air. Jimmy was strong on belts. In addition to the belt rapier, he sometimes wore a three-strand leather job, the strands of which could be loosened and opened into one continuous length of leather some nine feet long.

The Secret Service ace needed these and all the other weapons he could muster to combat such scourges as **The Melting Death, Masters of Broken Men** and **The War Dogs of the Green Destroyer.** As in all the hero pulp magazines, the contents page for each issue gave a fair sampling of what the hero had in store for him. In **Attack of the Blizzard Men**, the synopsis read:

> It was a sultry day in August when the ghastly cold first came. Snow began to fall; ice formed, and in a brief hour, New York City was paralyzed. A new and deadly weapon had been directed at America by a ruthless, international syndicate, for, under the cover of the sub-zero weather, barbarous, armored warriors swarmed into the United States turning our country into a helpless colony to be exploited savagely. Could Operator 5... save our land from shameful slavery?

Well, you had to pay your ten cents to find out. Certainly, with monthly problems like that, a fellow needed all the friends he could get. Jimmy was blessed with a number of close aides; foremost among them was Diane Elliot (spelled Elliott in later stories). Diane was a special writer for the Amalgamated Press news service but became a full-fledged intelligence agent during the **Purple Invasion** crisis.

ALLIES OF OPERATOR 5

As Jimmy's girl, Diane led a life of harrowing adventures. Many of the Operator 5 cover paintings bear likenesses of Diane: strapped to the muzzle of a cannon; about to be hurled from a giant catapult; facing firing squads; tied to dynamite kegs, and once—shades of Pearl White—bound to railroad tracks, the thundering locomotive mere yards away.

Young Tim Donovan was Operator 5's unofficial assistant. They had met one drenching night in the Lower East Side when Tim, a bootblack huddling in a dark doorway, had saved Operator 5 from death by a bullet from a criminal's gun. Jimmy virtually adopted the plucky youngster, accepting him into his family circle and into his numerous adventures as well. Tim is allowed to grow up in the course of the novels and eventually enters the Intelligence service himself.

Another leading character in the series was the commander-in-chief of the U.S. Intelligence Service, a man known even to his most trusted agents only as Z-7.

Another character who figured in many of the stories was the President of the United States. Although never mentioned by name, there are reasons to assume that he was intended to be Franklin D. Roosevelt. The identification with FDR becomes strange indeed when, in the August, 1936 issue, the Chief Executive places a gun to his temple and pulls the trigger rather than agree to an ultimatum from the Purple Emperor. This was one of the reasons why the **OPERATOR 5** novels have to be regarded as science-fiction. They were set in a curious parallel world—a world sharing a common history with our own, yet diverging at right angles somewhere in the mid-30s.

It was in his secret identity as Carleton Victor (one of many guises assumed by Jimmy Christopher) that Operator 5 employed a manservant by the name of Crowe. The estimable Crowe, gentleman's gentleman extraordinary, did not dream that Carleton Victor, photo-portraitist of worldwide reputation, was a convenient cover for nosed, stiff-shouldered Crowe was, in fact, one of the few "in" jokes in pulp hero history; his colossal cool was a running gag which consciously or unconsciously satirized the sensational nature of the pulp series. Outside, the nation reeled; havoc and ruin stalked the streets; dead men marched; Mongol hordes raided; America's proudest cities were reduced to ashes or frozen with giant neutron projectors. But Crowe was oblivious to it all. He was the one "normal" person in a universe overtaken by madness.

Crowe was dropped from later issues, as were other characters and schticks from the early numbers. In fact, unlike most other pulp hero novels, the **OPERATOR 5** books can be divided into two distinct series. The first, running for some two dozen issues, was in the mold of prevailing bizarre fantasy pulps. The second, beginning in early 1936, concentrated more heavily on militaristic exploits. Quite obviously, the series was the work of two different men.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Pulp hero writers were at best a faceless lot; working under such resounding pseudonyms as Grant Stockbridge, Brett Sterling, Kenneth Robeson and Maxwell Grant, they collected sizable monthly checks but almost never received due credit for their work. The **OPERATOR 5** stories—all produced under the pseudonym Curtis Steele—were initially written by Frederick C. Davis, author of the famous Moon Man series in **TEN DETECTIVE ACES**. After producing nearly two dozen **OPERATOR 5** thrillers, Davis handed the reins over to Emile C. Tepperman, who wrote the balance of the stories.

Tepperman was responsible for the epic **Purple Invasion** stories. It would take an article in itself to synopsize the events of that momentous conflict. Even the highlights can only be skimmed: the conquests of the Purple Emperor over Europe and most of Asia; his invasion of America and the establishment of his headquarters in the ruins of New York City; Diane's rescue as she is about to be hung from the Liberty Bell on the Fourth of July; Operator 5's destruction of the Panama Canal; the cholera bacteria released on Utah and Washington; Jimmy's destruction of the giant blimp; the capture of Chicago by Mongol troops; the Emperor's pact with the Yellow Warlord; the second battle of Valley Forge; the siege that brought the Black Plague, and, finally, the fall of the Purple Empire and the rebuilding of America.

While rivals THE SHADOW and DOC SAVAGE continue to enjoy a considerable cult following even today, Operator 5 has had to settle for a lesser station in the pulp pantheon. The kind of overheated paranoid fantasies the pulp presented appear, to quote our author, too "naive and jingoistic" to enthrall many modern readers. As a surreal social mirror of the collective phobias of its time, however, Operator 5 remains unparallelled.

By the time Jimmy mopped up the remnants of the Purple Invaders the year was 1938. Earlier villains had masqueraded under Graustarkian labels, but in the battles still to be waged there was little need for euphemistic nationalities. The enemies were clearly named: Germany, Japan, Italy.

AMERICA UNDER SIEGE

Month after month a nervous America was subjected in one bizarre onslaught after another. In one episode, **Invasion from the Sky**, the enemy appeared to be chimeras from some other world, landing in the midst of cities in immense space ships—a yarn undoubtedly inspired by Orson Welles'-infamous Martian panic broadcast.

Among the most imaginative of Jimmy's adventures were the **Yellow Vulture** stories. The series might have eclipsed even the **Purple Invasion** saga had it not ended abruptly after only four episodes due to the demise of the magazine itself. The final story, **The Army from Underground** (November, 1939), contained an especially prophetic scene, a description of the first atom bomb dropped on a civilian populace:

> "Everything is destroyed,' one dazed worker told them as he tore away tumbled wreckage in an attempt to reach a screaming woman pinned beneath the debris. 'Philadelphia is wiped out...everything but the suburbs. It's all gone—disappeared. Houses, cellars, bomb-proof shelters—all blown to nothing.'
>
> "His incredible words were all too true. Operator 5 found them corroborated even before the grey light of dawn revealed the tremendous crater that was the huge empty grave of the Quaker City. Philadelphia had been utterly obliterated, wiped from the face of the earth—with a loss of life that probably would reach a million.
>
> "They never had a chance,' he said bitterly as he stared out over the terrible waste. 'This is the most ghastly mass-murder the world has ever seen—the most heinous crime ever committed against an innocent and defenseless people!'"

In almost every story, Jimmy's beloved nation suffered a purgatory of conflict and defeat, and Jimmy himself ran a gauntlet of personal Gethsemanes. Victory came only when all seemed darkest. But even victory was often Pyrrhic. At the end of **The Army From Underground**, with Philadelphia, Washington, Knoxville and Baltimore demolished, with giant slaughter machines burrowing out of the ground and carving bloody furrows through the countryside, Jimmy receives further news:

> "There is no more Canada,' Quillen's whisper cut like a cold wind. 'The Japanese have wiped it out...destroyed the remaining cities...annihilated the population. The Dominion is a great wilderness...and the Japanese are using it at this very minute as a base from which to sweep down into New England...coming down to destroy arms...ammunitions...'
>
> "His dying voice faded, was gone.
>
> "In that moment Operator 5's triumph turned to bitterness. He had won back territory and snatched a great population out of the hands of the Japanese, yet certain destruction and merciless annihilation now faced them all... Instead of into safety, he had led millions of Pacific Coast emigrees into a death trap worse than the one from which they had fled... A death trap out of which he somehow must deliver them and build again a new and great America!"

Unfortunately, that November, 1939 issue was destined to become the biggest cliffhanger of them all. Another novel, **Hell's Lost Battalion**, was announced but never saw publication. Jimmy Christopher's battles were over. America's real war was soon to begin.

IN MEMORIAM: OPERATOR 5

OPERATOR 5 was originally published by Popular Publications (one of 110 titles put out by that company between 1930 and 1955), under the editorship of Henry Sperry. In 1966, Corinth Publications of California reissued eight of the early novels in softcover format. These too are out of print and will soon command collectors' prices. In 1974, Freeway Press began reprinting the **OPERATOR 5** thrillers. Obviously somebody still cares. The question is: Why?

According to some critics, the pulp hero magazines were garish, hack-written, bloody-minded, formula-plotted. But to many fans and collectors—who seem to feel that there is no gore like the gore of yore—the magazines shared a saving grace: They were fun to read. Better still, they were flamboyant fun—zestful, imaginative, exhilirating.

In September, 1962, **Playboy** published an article on the pulps by the late Charles Beaumont. Perhaps Beaumont's comments can stand as an epitaph for **OPERATOR 5** and that entire breed of magazines whose only aim was to entertain: "What were the pulps?" Beaumont wrote. "Cheaply printed, luridly illustrated, sensationally written magazines of fiction aimed at the lower and lower classes.

"Were they any good? No. They were great."

www.zombosscloset.com

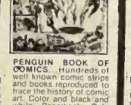
COMIC HISTORY BOOKS

NEW

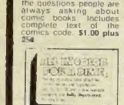
AMERICANA IN FOUR COLORS ... The authoritative book that answers the questions people are always asking about comic books. Includes complete text of the comics code. **$1.00 plus 25¢**

PENGUIN BOOK OF COMICS ... Hundreds of well known comic strips and books reproduced to trace the history of comic art. Color and black and white. Paperback. **Only $5.00 plus 80¢**

ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME ... paperback edition of the expensive hardcover. Many writers share their memories of the great comics of their childhood. **Only $1.50 plus 35¢**



HISTORY OF COMICS I ... Steranko's first volume in giant magazine size with poster-sized illustration on the cover. Covers the early years of comics and pulps in fast-paced style. Many illustrations. **Only $4.00 plus 60¢ |**



ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME ... paperback edition of the expensive hardcover. Many writers share their memories of the great comics of their childhood. **Only $1.50 plus 35¢**

HISTORY OF COMICS II ... Second volume of Steranko's history of comics. Covers in great detail Captain Marvel and family, Blackhawk, The Spirit, and many other heroes. Paperback. **Only $6.00 plus 60¢**

ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS ... This book that every Marvel Comics fan has dreamed of has finally happened! Stan Lee has put together the actual origin stories of all the early Marvel characters in one book. And they're in **FULL COLOR** to boot! There **Spider-man, Fantastic Four, The Hulk, Thor,** and many more. **Only $5.95 plus 80¢**

FANZINES

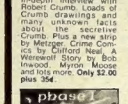
NEW!

PROMETEAN ENTERPRISES #5 ... The newest edition of one of the best fanzines. Features an in-depth interview with Robert Crumb. Loads of Crumb drawings and many unknown facts about the secretive Crumb. Plus a new strip by Metzger, Crime Comics by Clifford Neal, A Werewolf Story by Bob Inwood, Myron Moose and lots more. **Only $2.00 plus 35¢**

HERITAGE #1b ... Features all new Flash Gordon strips by Reed Crandall, Steve Harper, The Girls of Mongo, by Mike Royer, The Warrior of Neal Adams, Portfolio of art by George Evans, Ray Krenkel, Carlos Garzon, and Reed Crandall. Much much more on the Flash Fan. **Limited supply! Only $5.00 plus 50¢**

PHASE ONE ... A big well filled comic art magazine featuring color cover and story by Ken Barr. Art by Neal Adams, Bernie Wrightson, Jeff Jones, Gray Morrow and stories by Wein, O'Neil and Conway. **Only $3.00 plus 35¢** Good value!

INFINITY FIVE ... A fine art magazine including color cover by **Todd** and **Ketula**. A Richard "**Corben**" interview and a color poster by **Berni Wrightson**. Also **Neal Adams** and **Wally Wood**, **Jeff Bunher, Williamson** and **Boris**. **$3.50 plus 35¢**

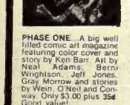


GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE #16 ... Features a great E.C. parody called "The Wishing World" by Vanlier and Pound. Berserk Burb the Hotel Clerk by Basil Wolverton. Routine by George Metzger an interview with Howard Nostrand and much more. **Only $1.50 plus .35c**

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE 15 ... interviews with Gahan Wilson (**PLAYBOY** and **NATIONAL LAMPOON** cartoonist of the absurd") and Harry Harrison Fine Wood back cover. **Only $1.00 plus 35¢**

FRITZ BUGS OUT ... The underground classic, Fritz The Cat, by Robert Crumb. A rare bargain. **Only $1.00 plus 35c**

TARZAN



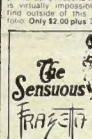
TARZAN ALIVE ...new paperback version by Phillip Jose Farmer who postulates that Tarzan did indeed exist. Fascinating reading by s-t giant. **Only 75c plus 35¢**

TARZAN DIGEST ...giant 148 page text and illustrated digest of Tarzan. Written by Burroughs, adapted by DuBois and illustrated by Dan Spiegle. **Only 75c plus 35¢**

FRAZETTA FOLIO ... Special rare Australian import. **Frazetta** fanzine! Features reprints of White Indian and Thunda stories. Plus reprs of Famous Funnies, Buck Rogers, and E.C. covers by Frank, plus a reprint of a very rare William-son-Frazetta western story. Limited supply on this fantastic import! **Only $3.50 plus 50¢ P&H.**

FRANK FRAZETTA BOOKS

FRAZETTA WHITE INDIAN ... New portfolio featuring three WHITE INDIAN reprints. Early Frazetta which is virtually impossible to find outside of this portfolio **Only $2.00 plus 35¢**



THE SENSUOUS FRAZETTA ... A luscious collection of Frank Frazetta's great looking ladies. All are full page (or two-page) illustrations and all are really beautiful. A must for any Frazetta fan. A must for any fan of women. **Only $2.50 plus 35¢**

FRAZETTA #1 ... A slim portfolio of Frazetta's work, including a THUNDA reprint and gorgeous centerfold. **Only $3.00 plus 35¢**

SPECIAL!

RARE ROY KRENKEL

CITIES AND SCENES FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD ... Gorgeous 10"x12" hardcover edition featuring the extraordinary work of fine-line artist Roy Krenkel. **Very limited edition ... so order soon. Only, $16.00 plus $1.00 postage and handling.**

NEW!!! GOLDEN AGE REPRINTS

Now, for the first time, you can enjoy owning copies of the rarest comicbooks ever published. The scarce collector's items that sell for hundreds of dollars are at last available in low priced reprint editions. All **FLASHBACK REPRINTS** are **$3.00 plus 35c** postage.

SPECIAL EDITION COMICS #1 ... Featuring "**Captain Marvel** and the Haunted House." "Captain Marvel and the Gamblers of Death," "Captain Marvel and Savana the Weather Wizard." This issue originally appeared in 1943. **$3.00 & 35c.**

ALL STAR COMICS #2 ... Features the adventures of **THE SPECTRE, THE SANDMAN, FLASH, GREEN LANTERN, HAWKMAN, JOHNNY THUNDER, HOUR-MAN,** and **RED, WHITE, & BLUE.** All in one book! This book was originally published in 1940. **$3.00 & 35c**

ALL SELECT #1 ... Features **CAPTAIN AMERICA & BUCKY, THE HUMAN TORCH, JEEP JONES, THE BLACK WIDOW,** and **THE SUB-MARINER.** This book was originally published in 1945. **$3.00 & 35c.**

CAPTAIN MARVEL #1 ... Featuring four classic **CAPTAIN MARVEL** stories from the very first issue of his comic. This book was originally published in 1941. **$3.00 & 35c.**

OCTOBRIANA AND THE RUSSIAN UNDERGROUND ... The rare Soviet underground comic ... classic, suppressed and impossible to get! The complete saga of Octobriana with hundreds of actual strips in the collector's item. A must for every Comics collector! **$ in very limited supply! $5.95 plus 50¢ .**

BARBARELLA ... **We've managed to dig up a few copies of this rare book. Here are all of Barbarella's adventures in their original comic strip form. While they last... Only $3.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling.**

GOLDEN AGE COLLECTOR ... Six classic comic stories, including tales by Basil Wolverton, Joe Simon, Mac Raboy and Paul Gustavson. **Only $2.00 plus .50¢**

COMIC BOOK PRICE GUIDE ... Now .75 Edition gives you the value for every comicbook ever published! Know what your old comics are worth. Features over 300 actual cover reprints of old comics with thousands of listings in one tremendous book. **Only $6.95 plus 55¢.**

MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF

WOLVERTON

GJDRKZLXCBWQ COMICS—Only Basil Wolverton could produce a comic with a name like that! 32 pages of brand new Wolverton material. Fantastically funny monster material. **Only 50¢ plus 35¢ A bargain.**

COMMON TYPES OF BARFLYZE by Basil Wolverton ... The newest collection of Wolverton insanity takes you into the zany world of the alcoholic. A great book no Wolverton fan can be without. **Only $2.00 plus 25c**

COLLECTOR'S ITEM OF THE YEAR

Giant 100-page CONAN THE BARBARIAN by Barry Smith. This superb treasury of CONAN's greatest stories by artist supreme Barry Smith is destined to be a collector's item. Only $1.50 plus 50c.

EC BOOKS

SQUA TRONT #2 ... A classic E.C. fanzine which includes a color Williamson cover and portfolio. Also a frazetta piece and article on E.C. war comics. **Only $3.00 plus 35¢**

SQUA TRONT #3 ... Color cover by Feldstein and Crandall. Interiors by Frazetta, Krenkel, Williamson and Wrightson. Articles by Nick Meglin, George Evans and Roger Hill. **$3.00 plus 35¢**

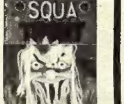
SQUA TRONT #4 ... 100 large blockbuster issue. Color covers by Kurtzman & Ingels. Contains Kurtzman article, Frazetta color piece, art by Wrightson, Corben, Krenkel, etc.

and much more. **PLUS** two unpublished E.C. science fiction stories. **$5.00 plus 50¢**

SQUA TRONT No. 5 ... The legendary E.C. fanzine adds to its heritage with this latest issue. Beautiful never-before published full color paintings adorne the covers with priceless E.C. lore inside ... must for an E.C. fan. **Only $3.00 plus 35c.**

EC FAN ADDICT CONVENTION MEMBERSHIP PACKAGE ... A special value given at the 1972 EC Con. Contains a 2" color EC button, convention program, ballot for EC awards, membership ticket and more. **Only $2.00 plus 35¢.**

THE A.C.B.A. SKETCHBOOK ... **This rare 1973 portfolio of beautiful drawings by the members of The Academy of Comic Book Artists is a must for any comic fan. You get 36 never before published drawings by such greats as Frazetta, Brunner, Neal Adams, Berni Wrightson, Steranko and 30 others! Comes in large folio. Only $2.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling.**



FUNNYWORLD No. 16 ... Fantastic special **CARL BARKS** issue! Including a full color Barks cover, lots of never before published early Carl Barks art, indepth articles about Bark's greatest creations, Donald Duck and Uncle Scrooge. **Already out of print! Only $3.00 plus 35¢.**

SCIENCE FICTION

MAKING OF 2001 ... A fat, 396 page book with a 96-page photo essay detailing everything you might ever wish to know about Kubrick's 2001, one of the most controversial movies of our time. **Only $1.50 plus 25c.**

THE PANIC BROADCAST ... Howard Koch's classic book about the Orson Welles hoax of the century, H.G. Wells' INVASION FROM MARS (War of the Worlds). The complete script, with many photographs, cartoons and newspaper articles concerning the broadcast. **Only $1.00 plus 25c.**

SPORTING BLOOD ... Based on UFO, the Nationally acclaimed TV series. Aliens from space have entered earth-orbit ... control or destroy? **$1.00 plus 25¢.**

FLESH HUNTER ... The famous UFO team of television fame fly into action. Un-humans from outer space have on earth and they must be stopped by the UFO unit. **Only $1.00 plus 25c**

THE ART OF NEAL ADAMS ... absolutely gorgeous full-color covers surround this brand new magazine of Neal's art. Everything from superheroes to Kung-Fu in this limited edition mag. **Only $3.00 plus 50¢**

NEAL ADAMS

NEAL ADAMS CHECKLIST ... A brand-new collection of material **detailing everything Neal Adams has ever done.** Compiled by Doug Murray with commentary by Neal Adams, this book is a must for any Neal Adams fan. **Only $2.00 plus 35¢**

MORROW

SORCERY ... A comic book, but a very unique one. This is completely a Grey Morrow effort: writing, penciling, inking, lettering and cover work. Bound to be a collector's item. **75¢ plus .35¢**

JACK DAVIS

JACK DAVIS' DIE NOW, PAY LATER ... A one shot, out-of-print and completely illustrated by Jack Davis. 64 pages and typically fantastic Davis. Limited supply but you can obtain your copy for cover price of only **$1.50 plus 35¢**

JEFF JONES SPASM—An all color, 24 page underground newer, publically released by the publishers. Fantasy, horror and fantastic science fiction with Jones at his zenith. Over 21 only. **75¢ plus 35¢**

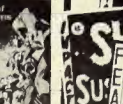
THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY #1 ... adaption of comic stories in paperback format. Text by Jack Oleck, color cover and illustrations by Berni Wrightson. **Only $1.00 plus 35¢**

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY #2 ... More tales of the macabre, written by Jack Oleck from the comic book form. And still more illustrations by horror master Berni Wrightson. **Only $1.00 plus 35¢**

FOCUS ON: SCIENCE FICTION FILM ... Fine, scholarly book with paperback covering, many of the sci-fi classics. It contains eight glossy photo pages. **$2.50 plus 25c**

STEVE (SPIDERMAN) DITKO SPECIAL ... Two magazines complete with Ditko's artwork. One book is Mr. A Magazine,

featuring Ditko's avenging hero. The other is Avenging World magazine. Both for only **$1.00 plus 50¢**



EC'IS BACK!

AT LAST! After 20 years of hoping and praying, EC is back in full color, just as they appeared all those years ago. The best comics in the world are back again!!!

EC REPRINT #2 is actually **WEIRD SCIENCE #15** and it includes four more EC classics in full color as they originally appeared. The stories are, "Miscalculation" by Jack Kamen, "Bum Steer" by Joe Orlando, "The Martians" by Wally Wood and "Captivity" by Al Williamson.

EC REPRINT #3 is actually **SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES #12** and contains the following four stories ... "Bride of the Corpse" by Joe Orlando, "Fall Guy" by Wally Wood, "Deadline" by Jack Kamen and "The Kidnapper" by Reed Crandall.

EC REPRINT #4 is actually **HAUNT OF FEAR #12** and contains "What's Cookin'," by Jack Davis, "I'll Death Do We Part" by Joe Orlando,, "On A Dead Man's Chest" by Johnny Craig, and "Poetic Justice" by Graham Ingels.

EC REPRINT #5 is actually **WEIRD FANTASY #13** and contains the following stories: "Horror Show" by Wally Wood, "The Trip" by Jack Kamen, "The End" by Wally Wood, and "Don't Count Your Chickens" by Joe Orlando.

E.C. REPRINT #6 is actually **CRIME SUSPENSTORIES #25** and contains "Three For The Money" by Jack Kamen; "Dog Food" by Reed Crandall; "Key Chain" by Bernie Kriegsteen; and "The Squeaker" by George Evans.

E.C. REPRINT #7 is actually **THE VAULT OF HORROR #26** and contains "Two of a Kind" by Craig; "Graft in Concrete" by David; "Hall-Way Horrible" by Sid Check; and "Hook, Line and Sinker" by Ingels.

E.C. REPRINT #8 is actually **SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES #6** and contains "Dead Right" by Kamen; "Undercover" by Wood; "Not So Tough" by Orlando; and "Sugar and Spice" by Ingels.

C. REPRINT #9 is actually **TWO FISTED TALES #34** ... "ertsy" by Davis, "Trial by Arms" by Wood, "Ex-r Crapaudine" by Severin, and "Guynemer" by Evans.

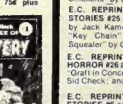
E.C. REPRINT #10 is actually **HAUNT OF FEAR #23**. Contains "Creep Course" by Ingels, "No Silver Atoll" by Evans, "Hansel and Gretal" by Kamen, and "Country Clubbings" by Davis. ...

E.C. REPRINT No. 11 is actually the very first issue of **WEIRD SCIENCE** and contains "Lost in the Microcosm" by Kurtzman, "Dream of Doom" by Wood, "Experiment in Death" by Kamen, and "Things From Outer Space" by Feldstein.

These great collectors E.C.'s are only $1.25 each (plus 35¢ postage). How can you miss with the greatest comics ever made? Send today while our supply lasts!

STEVE DITKO

NEW!



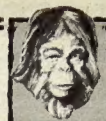
WHA...!? By Steve Ditko ... In the tradition of "Mr. A" and "Avenging World" comes Ditko's new book. Features color covers, 3 new never published super-hero stories, plus 2 sci-fi tales. **Only 80¢ plus 25¢**

The Monster Scene

in keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in this irregular column, THE MONSTER SCENE ... brought to you by your friendly fiends-in-the-field at TMT. (... listen for the sound of applause.)

ADMIRABLE FEET

This ad for a "Bigfoot Scatter Rug" appeared in a one-shot publication called BIGFOOT IS ALIVE!, published in California. According to the ad, the "Bigfoot Scatter Rug" features a "40-inch imprint of Bigfoot in a soft furry rug for that special room; comes in a variety of colors; machine wash, warm, tumble dry!" The rug, a conversation piece if ever there was one, sells for $4.99 and can be purchased from Tamberlee International, Inc., P.O. Box 3311, Beverly Hills, California 90212. If nothing else, it's certainly a giant step in the fright direction.



"APE" POSTER

P72-cGREAT APE POSTER A beautiful giant color poster of the cover to TMT #33. $1.50 plus 50c

"GREETINGS FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES"

NEW!!!

"PLANET OF THE APES" GOES BANANAS!!!

GHASTLY GIGGLES #1 - APES GO BANANAS Those adorable apes abound with this premier issue of a wild new book. Loaded with actual stills from the Ape series accompanied by some of the funniest ape dialogue you'll ever hear! 75c plus 25c

EAT AN APE! Collect and eat your favorite apes with these "Planet of the Apes" lollipops. Each giant milk chocolate flavored lollipop has a monstrous picture of an ape actually printed on it ... and you can eat them too! If you dare! There's Dr. Zaius, Cornelius, 2 different General Urko, and Galen. You get 2 pops for only $1.00 including postage.

KPRI PRESENTS MORE MIDNITE MADNESS!

...IN 3 MONSTROUS SHOWS!

FEB. 14 AT THE KEN CINEMA IN KENSINGTON

FEB. 15 AT THE STRAND THEATRE IN [illegible]

FEB. 16 AT THE RITZ THEATRE IN ESCONDIDO

ALL SEATS ONLY $2.00

SCOTT SHAW!

ACTIONFUL ARTWORK

Freelance artist Scott Shaw drew this actionful ad for a midnight screening of Toho's all-star monster romp, DESTROY ALL MONSTERS, which doubled with TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD at three theaters in the San Diego, California area. Scott assured us that his horrific handbill drew a "throng of raving Godzilla-ites and process servers," and who are we to doubt the word of a struggling young monster-oriented artist? A man of many talents, Scott once walked off with a "Most Revolting Costume" award at the 30th Annual World Science Fiction back in 1972. In fact, not only did he walk off with said award, but he actually WON it as well.

COMICS CULTURE

This Neal Adams drawing was used to illustrate a recent item about THE SUPERSNIPE COMIC ART GALLERY appearing in the March 31 edition of THE VILLAGE VOICE. A cultural adjunct to THE SUPERSNIPE COMIC BOOK EMPORIUM, the GALLERY, run by sometimes MONSTER TIMES contributor Ed Summer, is currently featuring an exhibit of original Neal Adams cover paintings for titles like BATMAN, SUPERMAN and GREEN LANTERN, a new collection of Tarzan paintings from Ballantine's paperback reprint series, and pages from his early ARCHIE and DEADMAN strips. A visit to Ed's GALLERY is a must for any Fun City area comics freak worthy of the name. THE SUPERSNIPE COMIC ART GALLERY is located at 153 East 84th Street and is open Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 6 p.m. If you feel in need of further info, call Ed at (212) BU 8-0414 ...and tell'im TMT made you do it.

COLLECTORS SPECIAL!

PLANET OF THE APES STUDENT COMMENTARY Rare provocative guide to The Planet of the Apes which examines the full impact of the film. Includes many photos of the actors as well as stills from the first ape movie. A genuine collector's item for any human who has gone "Ape-Nuts." Supply Limited. Only $1.50 plus 25c.

EERIE AWARDS

Dr. Donald A. Reed, national president of the Count Dracula Society (a non-profit organization boasting a world-wide membership of some 1,500 souls), recently announced the winners of the 13th Annual Mrs. Ann Radcliffe Awards in Cinema, Television and Literature. In Cinema, William Castle—producer/director of a long list of fright films, including MR. SARDONICUS, THE TINGLER, 13 GHOSTS, ROSEMARY'S BABY and SHANKS—received an award honoring his entire creature career; Darren McGavin won the TV award for his work on KOLCHAK: THE NIGHT STALKER; and writer Arthur Lennig accepted the Literature award for his excellent Bela Lugosi biography, THE COUNT. Special awards were granted to TV horror host Seymour (a former TMT columnist), designer Jim Rumph, and producer Hi Brown and actor/narrator E.G. Marshall of the CBS MYSTERY THEATER. The awards were given out this April 5th past at ceremonies conducted at the Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. This year's awards presentation theme centered around a tribute to Bela Lugosi. Ray Bradbury served as keynote speaker, while actors William "Blacula" Marshall, Barry Atwater and John Agar, and director/producer George Pal handed out the awards.

MASS ACHUSETTS MONSTER

This acerbic Herblock cartoon appeared in the February 21 edition of the New York Post and refers to the recent conviction of a Boston doctor on manslaughter charges following the completion of an abortion. Among the case's more suspicious aspects is the fact that the doctor in question is black and the jury that convicted him white, a significant factor in racially troubled Boston, where the incident and subsequent trial took place.

CREATION OF LIFE

SURREAL TROUSERS

Loyal TMT reader Ron Sapp, of Dover, Delaware, sent us this pitch for "Buck Rogers trousers" that originally appeared in the Winter issue of Gentlemen's Quarterly. Far out, they are—but at $75 a pair we'll stick to our conservative all-white mad doctor slacks.

THE "APE SERIES" IN BOOK FORM

PLANET OF THE APES The first ape novel. Only 95c plus 25c.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES Only 95c plus 25c.

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES $1.00 plus 25c

ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES $1.00 plus 25c

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES $1.00 plus 25c

TO ORDER ANY OF THESE ITEMS PLEASE SEE PAGE 31 OF THIS ISSUE FOR CONVENIENT RUSH ORDER FORM

ROCK KING SHOCK

Self-confessed "Shock Rock King" Alice Cooper sent us this endearing shot of himself and one of his imaginary pet spiders. After recovering from the frequently hostile receptions that marred his recent Australian tour, Alice spent his time publicizing his new LP and upcoming TV special, WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARES, a series of "demonic visions" set to music and images, respectively. According to a recent press release, one of the tunes, entitled "Black Widow," is "an enchantingly hideous production enriched by the voice of film star Vincent Price." We can only express our hope that Alice's and Vincent's association proves to be a long and fruitful one.

www.zombosscloset.com

TROG demonstrates what awaits film fans who fail to follow rental rules.

The Transylvanian Catalogue

FILM RENTING FOR FUN, NOT PROFIT

by Martin A. Jackson

If your local **TV** station has been backward in horror and sci-fi film programming; if your neighborhood theater operator can't quite see the profit in booking **THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN**; if your college film club wants only lugubrious French or Yugoslavian films—in short, if you aren't getting your fair share of monster, science-fiction or horror flicks, don't despair: Macmillan Audio Brandon Films is coming to the rescue with the Transylvanian Catalogue.

The Transylvanian Catalogue is a handsome and intelligent showcase for Macmillan's large 16mm rental collection of oldies, golden classics and classic bombs from the horror sci fi genre. The idea is to rent films to the club, college or (think about it!) to the individual fan. All the films are in 16mm, a good, convenient size for even the smallest school or community center, and the rental prices are surprisingly low for such treasures as **THE BRAIN EATERS** or **THE HORROR OF PARTY BEACH**. Some of the best films in the catalogue, **X-THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES**, for example, rent for $35 for a single showing, while other highly viewable films go for as little as $27.50. The highest price seems to be $70 for **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, but the average cost for a long list of fright films is about $30. Now $30 is a lot to shell out for one night at the movies. But it is a small price for, say, 15 people who share a perverse interest in the Godzilla cycle and who could gather once a week in a club or friendly living room to see the films of their choice. What this catalogue offers is a way for the horror/sci-fi buff to choose from an extensive list of fright films and thereby eliminate the theater owners, TV programmers and other Important People who otherwise control what you watch and when you watch it. With the Transylvanian Catalogue in hand, you can see the **SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** when you want to, for $37.50.

GOOD TURN FOR TERROR FANS

Macmillan has done the horror/science-fiction community a good turn by compiling an impressive list of films, both old and new, into an easily handled catalogue. There are twelve categories or sections in the **Transylvanian**, items such as "Beasts," "The Occult," "Genre Classics," and "Science Fiction" to choose from, and, while some films figure in more than one category, the groupings are generally thoughtful and obviously done by people well-versed in the sinister subject. The **Catalogue** provides production credits, year of release and a short (well-written) plot synopsis in case you don't already know the film. There are lots of stills in the catalogue, so it's fun to leaf through, even if film rental isn't your goal. In the "Science Fiction" section, for example, there are some delectable selections, ranging from **THE EVIL BRAIN FROM OUTER SPACE** (1959) to Ib Melchoir's **THE TIME TRAVELLERS** (1964). In "Beasts" we are treated to most of the favorites, including the Japanese bestiary of Godzilla and friends. **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** (1963) is there, along with **SINBAD**, the **VALLEY OF GWANGI**, and the **BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (1953), the last a must for Harryhausen fans. Naturally, there is a section devoted to "Bats and Bloodsuckers," starring you-know-which-Count from east of the Rhine, in many of his incarnations, from Carl Dreyer's 1932 **VAMPYR** to Hammer's excellent **HORROR OF DRACULA** (1958), starring the dynamic duo of Cushing and Lee.

Two of the categories in the Transylvanian Catalogue deserve some special mention, and a word of congratulations to Macmillan Audio Brandon for their wisdom. One, the "Films You've Always Heard About But Were Afraid To See," serves up the dreck, the Z pictures capable of convulsing any audience of horror fans. The other section gives us just the opposite, a representative sample of the work of Roger Corman, an important director whose films have since been widely recognized.

CREATURE CAMP

In "Films You've Always Heard About etc.," one gets a chance to select from a group of films so bad, so weak in plot, character, direction and technical skill that they transcend mere "badness" to become something unique—the camp movie. Every sci-fi or horror devotee understands the delights offered by films of this kind. They offer relief to the overworked critical senses. Since they exist without any critical attributes at all, they allow the viewer to relax in the decadent enjoyment of pure inanity—no thoughts, no message, no art, just junk for the fun of it. With such towering monuments to cinematic ineptitude as **BILLY THE KID VS. DRACULA** (1966), the inimitable **PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE** (1959), which features the last pathetic screen appearance of Bela Lugosi, or the unbelievable **DE SADE** (1969) to choose from, the creative film renter can put together an hilarious evening for any group of open-minded viewers.

On the other pole of movie craftsmanship are the films of Roger Corman, who has finally won an aboveground reputation by virtue of a massive output of fascinating (and highly influential) films. The Macmillan assortment allows a club or serious student access to a wide range of Corman's work, including such non-fright efforts as **OKLAHOMA WOMAN** (1965) and **THE YOUNG RACERS** (1963). Naturally enough, the **Catalogue** focuses on that part of Corman's work that falls into the sci-fi or horror genre, and includes such gems as **GAS-S-S!** (1970), and the dazzling **X-THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES** (1963). Corman directed a score of films during his career, most of them quickies, for he was known as a deft hand with a small budget. But as the films piled up, Corman began to emerge as a serious director whose films retain a stature far above their bottom-of-the-bill brothers.

Among the many monsters featured in THE TRANSYLVANIA CATALOGUE are Bert I. Gordon's THE SPIDER, Ray Harryhausen's Ymir (star of TWENTY MILLION MILES TO EARTH), the Roc from SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and outsized octopus from IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA. Above, Lon Chaney dons deathmask for masquerade scene from the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

RENTAL RULES AND TERROR TIPS

All these and more are available for rent from Macmillan, which is headquartered in Mount Vernon, New York, but has branches throughout the country. There are a few things to know, however, before you make up your dream list for private viewing. First, you have to own, or at least have access to, a 16mm optical sound projector—a standard item in most high schools and colleges and in many libraries, clubs, churches, community centers and neighborhood organizations as well. With the right approach, it should be possible to get next to the right projector and find someone who can operate it properly. The last point is important, because the person who rents the film is responsible for its safe return, so don't attempt to run a film unless there is a projectionist who knows what he or she is doing. It isn't hard to learn, by the way, but don't practice on rented films.

Seondly, you'll have to stick to the rental agreement, for Macmillan (like every other 16mm distributor) has certain rules. You must agree not to advertise the film showing in public (competition for local movie houses, you see) and you aren't allowed to charge admission to the film unless (this is important, so sit up and stop chewing) unless it is **to defray the cost of rental**. What this means is that you can't advertise the film in the town newspaper, show it to 300 people in the school gym, charge them each $2.00 and still expect to pay Macmillan $37.50. They'll want a higher price, of a piece of the gross, if you are planning to go into the theater business. However, it is perfectly legal to ask each of the dozen or so Godzilla fans who show up in your living room to chip in $2.00 or so to help pay for the rental. All this is clearly explained in the **Catalogue**, and Macmillan would be glad to answer any questions you have about rights and procedures for film rentals. Also, you'll have to place your order for films well in advance of intended show dates, for some of them are in great demand—don't expect to get **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** on a week's notice.

You'll also have to agree to take care of the film, to send it back **immediately** after showing and to mail it properly insured and labelled. Again, Macmillan will provide complete instructions and all these *legal niceties* are simple—they really amount to nothing but common sense handling of a piece of valuable property that doesn't belong to you. Each of the Transylvanian Catalogues comes with a simple order blank and full instructions, so even if you've never rented a film before, don't be afraid. There are other distributors who handle fright material, notably Films Incorporated in Wilmette, Illinois. But Macmillan deserves some praise, and maybe support, for catering directly to the horror fan in a catalogue that is both informative and useful. You can order it from Macmillan Audio Brandon Films, 34 MacQuesten Parkway South, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550. It costs a dollar and is a bargain at that, but they'll send it free to customers. ■

Gary Conway & Whit Bissell in I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN, one of many camp classics available from Macmillan Audio Brandon Films

Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Vincent Price and trained raven shared lighthearted moment in a scene from THE RAVEN, one of many Roger Corman films included in THE TRANSYLVANIAN CATALOGUE

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the Monster Times

True Scream Confessions!

The ONLY Magazine That Takes You INSIDE The PRIVATE LIVES Of Your Favorite FRIGHT FILM STARS!

"Monsters Are Our Business ... Our ONLY Business"

50 Yen

HONEYMOON IN TOKYO!

"We Burned Our Bridges Behind Us"

Sez Mothra

"This time it's for keeps." This solemn affirmation of love and devotion was delivered by none other than the great Godzilla, as the dashing, proud-as-punch reptile paused in mid-swipe at a skyscraper in Tokyo's garish Ginza district. To demonstrate the seriousness of his pledge, he reached up and seized the blushing Mothra, his bride of a mere afternoon, and delivered a loud, smoking kiss squarely between her trembling feelers.

"Oh, it's so good," squeaked the lovely, breathless Mothra. "I'm happier than I ever dreamed I'd be when I started my career. They discovered me hanging in a cocoon under a drugstore soda counter, you know. Just another pretty wing-pattern, everybody thought. Another fly-by-night candle-chaser, soon to be consumed in the brief flame of movieland fame. And Godzilla was... Well, he was **Mr. Scream Cinema** itself! But now here we are. Married. I showed them. I showed them all! They won't..."

The triumphant bride's excited chatter was rudely interrupted by a fusillade of heavy artillery fire from a battery which had been hastily implanted in a narrow side street. "Noisy celebrity hunters!" snorted Godzilla, bashing in the side of a ten-story office building so that the roof cascaded down gaily onto the heads of the ambushers in the alley. A stray moulding bounced twenty feet in the air and squashed two reporters in the cordoned-off press area at Godzilla's feet, lending your **True Scream Confessions** reporter a chance to bellow up a question.

Mothra, hovering protectively over her new hubby as a double spray of bright tracer bullets arced down from a Japanese fighter-jet at 3 o'clock, was asked if she meant now to give up her movie career and settle down to housekeeping.

"Oh, I don't think that'll be necessary," she hummed. "My Godzy here makes enough money, I don't think he'll feel threatened if his poor little wifikins brings home a few Yen on her own. Will oo mind **dweadfully**, Snakey-poo?"

"This is the era of Women's Liberation," smiled Godzilla, absently bashing in a double-decker tourist bus with his tail. "I think all women should be let work if they want to. Within good taste, though. If they wanted her to do a nude scene with that **Gammera**, now..." His voice drowned under the redoubled blare of screams and ambulance sirens.

"Don't pay any attention to this jealous lug," giggled Mothra when the noise died down. "All that business with that upstart ham Rodan was strictly for publicity. Why, I hardly **know** the guy..."

"**Rodan!!**" barked Godzilla, belching a spout of flame that ignited the wing tip tanks on another approaching jet and sent it pinwheeling colorfully out over the harbor like a giant Roman candle. "What's this Rodan business? I thought it was just Gammera you was fooling around with before!"

"Oh, Godzy, come **on!**" exclaimed Mothra angrily. "Let's not have our first spat on our **honeymoon** night, not right in front of all these **reporters**! And anyway, I **told** you I hardly even knew the guy..."

The press conference broke up shortly thereafter, when Mothra slit on Godzilla's shoulder for a happy newlywed shot, and the street collapsed into the subway under their combined tonnage. Godzilla's Japanese agent, Hypamovie Beerstein, crawled through the rubble to distribute publicity handouts to the surviving press. These revealed that the happy twosome had been hitched in a simple Shinto ceremony on a secluded radioactive atoll in the South Pacific, and had flown back to tear up Tokyo on their honeymoon. "Remember," roared Godzilla as the happy couple took off for their bridal cavern, "this time it's for **keeps!**"

By Wrecks Reed

"IT WON'T WORK"--

RODAN

By Walter Winchpin

It'll never last." This cynical opinion on the probability of a long and happy marriage between Godzilla and Mothra was expressed by **her** old "flame," Rodan. Remember, fans, **True Scream Confessions** had it first! When contacted at his desert ranchero in the breath-taking Sea of Bolshevist Revolution on the dark side of the Moon, the craggily handsome, sullen Rodan seemed still to be stunned after the sudden and unexpected loss of his True Love to filmland's most ferocious superstar.

"It will fall apart," Rodan predicted, "because Godzilla just doesn't have what it takes to keep up with her. Believe me, I know!" he exclaimed, wearing an expression which might have been taken for heartache and chagrin in a warm-blooded creature. "She'll run him ragged. I give it a couple years, tops, before he either tosses her out or has a heart attack. There's just too much bounce in that little beauty for a big, slow, solid guy like Godzilla.

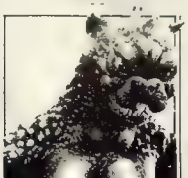
"Oh, she's a party girl, she is," Rodan went on, his eyes—one after the other—filming over with the clear plasma of reminiscence. "What's going to happen when she takes it into her head at four in the morning to just get up and fly down to Kyushu and rip up a split-level tract project? What if there's another big weekend forest fire in Siberia, and she wants to go out and spend six hours straight flying crazily in and out of the flames? **He's** not gonna go for that. I give it a year. **Less!**"

Efforts to probe Rodan for confirmation of certain rumors circulating about his own late "fling" with the lovely Mothra were unavailing. "Look, I don't want people to say their marriage fell apart because of my bad-mouthing," he stated. "I don't want to have to say 'I told you so' afterward. I don't want her mooning around, remembering a certain sunset over Hokkaido with the flames and smoke mingling with the evening mist, and the soft spring air alive with screams and air-raid sirens...I'd just rather not talk about all that."

Remember, **True Scream Confessions** had it first! □

INCREDIBLE INGENUES

BEAUTIFUL, BRAINY & BROBDIGNAGIAN



Top executives at Maykamint Studios in Tokyo are wildly enthusiastic about their latest starlet, **Marilyn Monstress**—and for good reason. Beautiful, svelte Marilyn (1/4 km. tall, 14 meters x 25 meters x 52 meters) got carried away during the shooting of Maykamint's **BELLOPHERON MEETS AZAZAEL** when told by the director to bash in a steel suspension bridge, artistically-minded Marilyn went further and wasted a half-mile of shorefront warehouses and docks, sank three tankers and a pleasure yacht, and **ate** an entire fleet of tugboats "We got footage we can splice her into four different movies,' rejoices Marilyn's agent, Hypamovie Beerstein. "Yes sir, this talented little doll is really moving now." Off the shooting set, though, Marilyn is something of an intellectual. her interests include reading Homer in the original Greek ("Especially the part about the Cyclops," she sighs romantically), and listening to Wagnerian opera through a second-band Yankee Stadium public-address system. As for her love life, she considers herself quite the old-fashioned girl, and furiously denounces all those nasty rumors about herself and Godzilla: "He's sweet," she admits, "but I'm saving myself for my first true love—the portrait of Abraham Lincoln on Mount Rushmore." Tough luck, fellows.

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GRUESOME TWOSOME ON THE ROCKS?

Rawna Bareit

Hold on tight for a LATE FLASH from TSC's Celebrity Center, folks! It seems that all is not WELL between the so-called "PARTNERS" in the Monster Match of the Century! I'm not naming NAMES, mind you, but a certain TALL, TERRIBLE TYRANNOSAUR has been seeing less and less of his EVER-LOVING LEPIDOPTERA!

Talk began to spread immediately after their BANG-UP HONEYMOON in a certain capital city which shall go unnamed—at least until considerable RECONSTRUCTION work is finished, so that you can RECOGNIZE the place again, f'r hevvin's sake! TALK, I say, began to go around that the 2000-ton HUBBY in question was loath to give up his Old Ways, if you get my DRIFT...

"OLD WAYS," that is, that include ROARING AROUND the countryside playing TAG with army trucks and getting HIGH off swallowing whole oil-laden supertankers, and then flying into a DRUNKEN RAGE and assaulting innocent hamlets and villages. Nothing particularly SINFUL about it, I'm sure, but HARDLY the sort of conduct you's expect from a MARRIED MAN!

These reports were more or less CONFIRMED, to my way of thinking, when a certain TSC columnist confronted this GREAT GREEN GIGOLO as he was ducking into a cozy out-of-the-way New Zealand VOLCANO, with some newly-arrived little piece of monster-fluff [see "Incredible Ingenues," next page—initials M.M.] hanging ADORINGLY on his foreclaw! When I asked him where MOTH—pardon me, his BRIDE—might be this evening, the only RESPONSE was a FOUL OBSCENITY that crisped my $150 PARIS WIG and left me WRITHING with second-degree burns! I ask you, is that the reaction of a DEDICATED HUSBAND?!

Of course the real TRAGEDY in the situation is visited upon the TRUSTING WIFE! The news from their ARCTIC HIDEAWAY is sparse and incomplete, but DEW-LINE RADAR reports picking up a MOTH-SHAPED BLIP night after night, flying round and round the NORTH POLE... Brooding, no doubt, soulfully upon times gone by, opportunities wasted, old faces and WARM WORDS from a certain understanding Pterodactyl.... But there, I talk too much, don't I?

Cute but confusing fruit of unstable monster union eludes full astrological analysis

A STAR IS BORN!!!

LAST MINUTE BULLETIN from TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS' Astrological reporter, Zoroaster X. Empyrean

At 2:15 EST last Saturday morning, a 150-lb. egg was hatched to Mothra, wife of the award-winning superstar Godzilla. The offspring delivered itself on the south side of a glacial morain at 70° N, 54° E on the surface of the planet Mars, where the couple had retired in an effort to patch up their stormy marriage.

Admittedly, the peculiar locale of the birth of this youngster, as yet unnamed himself, considerably complicated the casting of his chart. The Sun, for example, was in the constellation Orion; Phobos was in transit between the Pelades and the Southern Cross, and Deimos passed through 120° of Zodiac while the newborn was still gnawing through his shell. The Native appears to be ruled by the asteroid Ceres; and what is MOST confusing, our very own planet Earth was in direct opposition to the Sun, and I have as yet been unable to uncover any astrological precedent for working with such a placement.

Stay tuned to future issues of TSC as we work to figure this one out. (Any reader possessing a Martian ephemerus should contact us without delay!) As to the parents, Godzilla was heard to remark, while Mothra was still setting on the egg, "This will take care of everything. It'll really bring us together again." However, the strain of the long incubation seemed to tell on the delicate mother, for no sooner had the child poked its beak into daylight than she flew off "to recuperate" on the dark side of the Moon. "I want to be alone," she told her husband, who stomped off himself in a huff in the general direction of Uranus. Whether this blessed event will truly shore up their celebrated differences remains to be seen.

As for the newborn offspring, of indeterminate sex, its present location is also a mystery: when it first opened its eyes, it "imprinted" on a strange Martian animal with blue fur and a bright yellow comb, and followed it happily down a hole.

By Alestair Crowbar

EXCLUSIVE TO TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS

GODZILLA Off-Camera

Horrordom's hottest heck-raiser harbors soft spot for finer things.

FILMDOM'S BIG "TOUGH GUY" IS REALLY AN OLD SOFTIE!

There I stood, quivering right down to my Sony rewind knob, in the very shadow of the Great Green Gruesome Gila. Devastations scenes from **DESTROY ALL MONSTERS** and **GODZILLA VS. THE THING** spun through my head like instant replays of the Johnstown Flood, and as I stepped cautiously within range of the world-famous Dragon's-Breath, I was sorely tempted to go back to reviewing science-fiction books for **THE MONSTER TIMES**. "Pardon me, Mr. Godzilla," I quaked, "I'm here for an interview..."

"Why, do sit down, sweet boy," bade the gravelly voice, something like the sleepy subterranean rumble of a subsiding volcano. Idly drawing the embroidered hem of his floral pattern dressing gown down to cover a scaly knee the general shape of a Toyota Land-Rover, he gestured with a tusk-like claw toward a chaise lounge exactly like his own, only twenty times smaller.

"I suppose," he began, after a cool sip of frozen high-octane Daquiri from a crystal hogshead, "you'll want to know about my private life. They all do," he sighed. Behind the slightly pneumatic

I could hear the nearby strains of Vivaldi's **Concerto Flute & Violin Concerto #5 for Venetian Schoolgirls.**

"Well, what **True Scream Confessions** really wants to know, right now," I stuttered, "are the details of your recent break-up with your bride, Mothra."

"I beg your pardon," he rumbled politely. "With **whom**?"

"Why, uh, Mothra. It's the lead story in **TSC** this month, right over on the facing page. Your quickie marriage, your new son, the divorce. ."

"Ah, **that** business," he laughed, igniting the top ten feet of a nearby sycamore. "Don't tell me **you** believed all that, young fellow. Why, I barely even **know** the girl. Come now, surely you know a ah, I believe the term is 'studio hype'—when you see one."

"You mean...it's all a big put-on? You really didn't rip up downtown Tokyo on your honeymoon?"

"Ah, yes," he sighed, baring his scythe-sized fangs in what I took to be a private smile, "res, I suppose it's difficult to abstract the real person from the welter of publicity and Image. God, yes, Image: everyone seems to think me some kind of a fire-breathing dragon, thanks to the Image. Ah, the Public," he growled benevolently, and seemed to lapse a moment into a mild torpor, or reptilian meditation.

"Well, you have to admit," I ventured, "in most of your roles you play a pretty hard-bitten character."

"Ah, just so," he chuckled, shaking the entire patio of his ivy-festooned Monster Island mansion. "And that's how they think of me, and who could blame them? Actually, of course, I don't mind admitting to **you**"—here he patted my knee affectionately, leaving a scar I'll carry to the grave—"actually I'm just an old fogey, you know. I'm **hardly** the sort of character who tips over clock-towers and fears up high tension wires in his teeth, my **no**! Certainly not without a solid 8 month contract plus residuals, lovey."

He smiled again, so broadly that the flock of sparrows cleaning the tartar from between his teeth took panicked flight. "I must admit I rather enjoy the—ah—**notoriety**, though. It's surely better than chasing four-foot dragonflies back in some sordid, Pterodactyl-infested Triassic jungle. Come, dear lad, I'll have to show you my little garden: I've just cultivated a **glorious** new strain of brilliantly-colored, eight-foot-tall Cannibal Fungus—one mink will feed the two of them for a **month**. Oh, and in the aquarium I've just acquired a brace of the rarest Amazonian Electric Lampreys: just **wait** till you see them in **black light**! And my Pet Hippogriff, Creon, will

(Cont. on pg. 118)

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BURPED TO THE TOP

Pulchritudinous and petite (2/3 m. tall, 4.8 cm. x 2.3 cm. x 4.6 cm.), little Patsy Neehye can hardly believe her good fortune in suddenly gaining top billing in Raykitin Studios' soon-to-be-released major epic, GARGANTUA MEETS PANTAGREUL. Lucky Patsy actually signed onto the flick as understudy and stunt girl for the famous headline star Lola Lilliput, but was catapulted into instant stardom when the lead monster mistook a mimosa bush under which Miss Lilliput was napping for a tossed salad, so that Patsy had to take over the role. "You might say I was launched straight to the top in one burp," giggled Patsy. An already-accomplished horror-movie crowd-victim, Patsy is certain she can fill the late Lola's size-1/14 slippers: she can shriek with all the volume of a full-grown woman, turn pale and swoon at the drop of a hat, and is especially adept at running forward full tilt over broken ground while looking back over her shoulder with an expression of terror. Great days ahead for this pint-sized package of talent!

Fay Wray lookalike Fey Ray cuddles King Kong doll in publicity shot from Kong's first feature. Film's due out "shortly" but there'll be no breath-holding around the TSC office.

KING KONG'S FIRST FILM

By Wireless T. Rewrite

"All quiet on the set."

Quiet? No sooner does the camera begin to hum than the stillness in the drafty old cavern-like studio is rent with the howl of a tornado, the crash and tear of splintering wood, the thunder of avalanching boulders and—yes—the unearthly shrieks of terrified monsters. The rear of the ramshackle set is occupied by an enormous rear-projection screen, upon which looms and jerks the image of a woman, shot from an angle that makes her look forty stories tall. In her hands she brandishes a stuffed King Kong doll, shaking and mauling it brutally while she bellows at it with a voice seemingly loud enough to carry for five miles. The camera pans slowly down to the immediate foreground, where a pair of second-string Japanese movie-monster extras are running on a treadmill, looking over their shoulders and screaming in horror.

"I know it doesn't look that convincing while it's still in production," the director—**King Kong**—tells me later. "I just haven't got the budget to do location shooting. You don't know how hard it's been. I've been in the movie racket for 40 odd years, y'know, with top billing in who knows how many flicks. But did I see any money on it? **Pennies**, that's what I saw. It's that Beerstein character, my agent. Sure he got me some fat contracts, but I did all the **work**, while he got all the **loot**. Every stinking penny, I'm lucky I put a few grand away while he wasn't looking or I'd **still** be up there on top of the Empire State Building swatting at biplanes. You got no idea how hard it's been. Just to break that lousy contract I had to go into **retirement**, believe it or not, so now I **can't** work. Not even in my own flick. You ever hear of such a thing? Hold it, I got to set out this stack of 1:150 reduced tract houses for the next scene."

While Kong was puttering around the set, I briefly interviewed his leading lady, Fey Ray, who is actually only 5'8" tall. "Aw, it's all done with mirrors or something," she told me, her Bronx accent straining effortfully through a sizeable clot of Doublemint. "I don't ask no questions, I just do what they tell me. The name of the flick is **Terror on Monster Island**, I think, or maybe **Escape From The Planet Of The Humans**, I dunno. I sure hope I get paid for it, though, this operation looks pretty shaky to me."

Before shooting the next scene, in which Fey bakes a Godzilla casserole in a 50' high Radar Range, Kong summed up his first feature film for me: "It's an artistic statement communicating the alienation and despair of a sensitive human trapped in a world of monsters," he explained. "Call it your universal wish-fulfillment fantasy. A beautiful girl carries off a monster into the jungle. She really loves him, although of course he can't **begin** to understand her. And there's this rescue party of other monsters who go after the girl to rescue him, and maybe bring her back to civilization, and—well, it's got a **dynamite** ending, but you'll have to wait until it gets released."

But with all due respect to the great King Kong, I came away suspecting that it might be a long, long wait indeed.

GHIDRAH
MULTI-MINDED MONSTER

Of all the screen stars TSC has had the privilege of meeting over the years, Ghidrah, that two-winged, three-headed titan of terror film fame, remains the most enigmatic. Reports of the popular creature's current activities have been conflicting, to say the least, with Ghidrah himself(selves) issuing practically simultaneous statements that he was (a) set to star in a three-picture package at Turnayen Studios, (b) going into temporary seclusion to pen his autobiography, and (c) retiring permanently. The proud but cryptic creature, on an infrequent furlough from his native Mars, recently visited Japan's scenic Mount Fuji for a bit of 'R-andR,' and this TSC reporter was fortunate enough to corner the troubled star in an effort to clear up this monstrous mystery.

TSC:
Is there any truth to the rumor that you've just signed a three-picture pact with Turnayen Studios?

GHIDRAH:
Yes.
Not at this point in time.
None whatsoever.

TSC:
It's also reached our ears that you plan to write your autobiography and have in fact already been approached by several major publishers. Is there any substance to this report?

GHIDRAH:
Not at this point in time.
Yes.
None whatsoever.

TSC:
Well then, is there any validity to the allegation that you plan to go into permanent retirement?

GHIDRAH:
None whatsoever.
Not at this point in time.
Yes.

Remember: You heard it first in TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS.

BACK FOR KEEPS!

"THIS TIME SHE'S BACK FOR KEEPS," swears prehistoric hero Rodan as he and winsome co-star Mothra pay **EXCLUSIVE VISIT** to **"TSC"** editorial offices. Newly-reunited monsterland lovers declared that Mothra's erstwhile marriage to Godzilla was definitely a thing of the past. "Godzy and I are just good friends now," revealed Mothra. "Actually we never were anything more than that. Poor old Godzy, I think he was just keeping me around, really, to recapture the vanished feeling of youth.... Do you know he doesn't really even fly? He just takes long jumps, that's all. I had to move back to someone more my own speed—and that's definitely Rodan." Watch for FURTHER DETAILS in next issue of **TRUE SCREAM CONFESSIONS.**

STANDARD
MONSTER APPLICATION
FORM 1717

Don Fioto
Office of Personnel

The Monster Times

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Do Not Write In This Space!
Violators Will Be Prosecuted, Persecuted, Pursued and Punished In A Vile and Unspeakable Manner Of Our Choosing

ATTENTION ALL APPLICANTS: The first 100 MONSTER TIMES readers who complete this form to the satisfaction of the Officer of Personnel will be made monsters in good standing of THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY. They will receive, free of charge, Official Monster Times Society membership certificates and will be accorded all rights and privileges granted to members of said Society. Forward all completed forms to Officer of Personnel, The Monster Times, P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011

MONSTER APPLICATION FORM

1. NAME: (nickname, title of species or catalogue listing).....

2. ADDRESS: (include city, state, country, planet and galaxy of origin).....

3. PHONE/COMMUNICATOR.....

4. AGE: (give terran years, millenia, stardate or comparable time unit).....

5. SEX: (if applicable).....

6. HEIGHT: (use metric system if possible).....

7. WEIGHT: (solid, liquid or gaseous state?).....

8. SHAPE: (check one) Normal ☐ Abnormal ☐ Grotesque ☐ Unnatural ☐ Indescribable ☐ Other (explain in Item 27)

9. Do you have more or less than the usual number of any of the following? (check) Heads ☐ Tails ☐ Arms ☐ Legs ☐ Eyes ☐ Ears ☐ Fingers ☐ Toes ☐ Brains ☐ Other .....

10. LANGUAGES SPOKEN: English ☐ Japanese ☐ Romulan ☐ Creature ☐

11. DISTINGUISHING FEATURES: Do you have scales, claws, talons, scars, electrodes, horns, warts, acne or dandruff?.....

12. ABILITIES: Can you do any of the following? (check) Breathe fire ☐ Fly ☐ Give off radiation ☐ Ooze slime ☐ Dissolve flesh, metal stone or other materials ☐ Destroy buildings, towns, cities, countries, continents ☐ Absorb energy ☐ Become invisible ☐ Change shape or appearance ☐ Possess bodies/souls ☐ Control minds ☐ Bring to life the dead or inanimate objects ☐ Cast spells ☐ Draw comics ☐

13. EXPERIENCE: List anything in your life that you feel qualifies you to become a monster. Include past jobs such as evil assistant, hunchback, starship captain, alien invader, convention chairman or politician. Also mention anything you have destroyed, conquered or created. Use Item 27.

14. What, if any, is your trademark?.....

15. Are you impervious to any weapons? List them......

16. Have you ever rampaged through Tokyo? How many times? Why? (Be specific).....

17. If you have ever starred in, or been the subject of, a film(s) or television show(s), list them here. Also list any books or magazines based on you or mentioning you in any way. Use Item 27 if nec.....

18. Has a plastic model kit ever been designed in your likeness?.....

19. Are you affiliated with N.A.A.M.E. (National Association for the Advancement of Monsters Everywhere), **M.L.F.** (Monster Liberation Front), or any other organization? Give I.D. and Local number.

20. Have you ever been convicted of a serious offense? Describe fully.....

21. Do you pledge to defend and uphold the MONSTER'S BILL OF RIGHTS (see TMT #24) and do everything in your power(s) to aid and support monsters everywhere?.....

22. Do you support Godzilla for President in 1976?.....

23. Are any of your relatives monsters, or have they been monsters at anytime during the past five years?.....

24. List four monsters, other than relatives, as references.

NAME ADDRESS

a.....
b.....
c.....
d.....

25. Name three beautiful women you have threatened or carried off in the past year......

26. If you are granted the status of monster, which of the six subcategories would you prefer to be listed under? A. Mad scientist and creations ☐ B. Dinosaurs and mutated reptiles ☐ C. Aliens ☐ D. Supernaturals ☐ E. Plant/animal monsters ☐ F. Human/humanoid, robots and androids ☐

27. Use this item for long or detailed answers. Be specific.

OPTIONAL: Be advised that the following question is optional. Refusal to answer it will in no way affect the consideration of your application. **Explain, in less than one hundred words, scrawls or intergalactic symbols, your reasons for wanting to become a monster.**.....

Your application will be processed and you will be notified of a decision within 30 days. Please be advised that you will be called within that time for a personal interview, and may be required to take an intelligence test. Thank you for applying and good luck!

Forward this completed application to
OFFICER OF PERSONNEL,
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P.O. Box 595,
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FRANKENSTEIN

NEW!

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN The great Mel Brooks movie is now a book! You get the whole story PLUS 16 pages of incredible photos from the movie. Only $1.50 plus 35¢

FRANKENSTEIN The Film Classic, in its entirety was impossible to reproduce in the past. But Boris Karloff thinks can't! Over 1,000 frames are blown up and appear in volume with the complete word for-word dialogue so you can recapture this film classic. A must! Only $4.95 plus 50¢ postage

KARLOFF THE MAN THE MONSTER Denis Gifford strikes again with a unique paperback bound to please. Tremendous film synopsis and filmography are the highlights along with super stills. Only $1.50 plus 35¢

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FRANKENSTEIN Mary Shelley's classic monster in paperback format 75¢ plus 35¢

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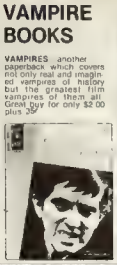

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DRACULA'S BROTHERS The third in this brand new Dracula series. Killer vampire bats are terrorizing the town. Only Dracula can stop them ... but will he? Only $1.00 plus 35¢

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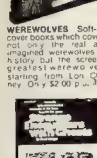

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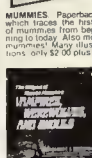

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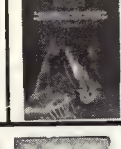

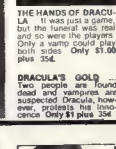

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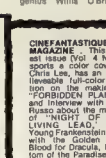

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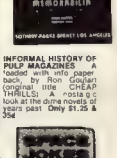

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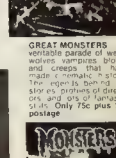

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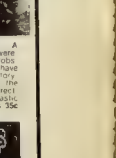
GREAT MONSTERS A veritable parade of were wolves, vampires, blobs and creeps that have made cinematic history. The experts behind the stories, photos of directors and stars of fantastic films. Only 75¢ plus 35¢ postage



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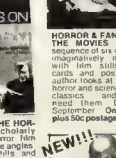
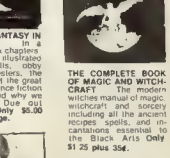


FILMS FANTASTIQUE Featured in this limited edition electric magazine are indepth articles on Forbidden Planet, The Thing, Day The Earth Stood Still, War of The Worlds, 2001 and The Time Machine. Lots of rare photos. Only $3.50 plus 50¢. Out of print!

NEW!!!



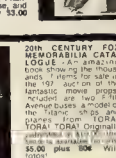
FOCUS ON FILM A fine British film magazine with a special 24 page section on animation genius Willis O'Brien, creator of King Kong, Mighty Joe Young and Mysterious Island. Many stills. Only $5.00 plus 35¢ for this rare out-of-print magazine.

CINEFANTASTIQUE MAGAZINE

This newest issue (Vol 4 No. 1) sports a color cover of Chris Lee, has an unbelievable full-color section on the making of "FORBIDDEN PLANET" and interview with John Russo about the making of "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD," plus Young Frankenstein, Man with the Golden Gun, Blood for Dracula, Phantom of the Paradise, and much more! Only $3.00 plus 35¢

NEW

20th CENTURY FOX MEMORABILIA CATALOGUE An amazing book showing the thousands of items for sale in the 107 acre lot of the fantastic movie props included are two 57th Avenue buses, a model of the Titanic ships and plates from TORA TORA! TORA! Originally published at $10.00 this book is available for only $5.00 plus 80¢ Wild photos!



ZACHERLY FOR PRESIDENT A psychotronic interview with the granddaddy of all horror hosts. In light of recent events Zacherly might be the best candidate. Really great pix of the Monster we all know and loved. Only $1.00 plus 25¢

THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD Novelization of The Seven Voyages of Sinbad movie by Ray Harryhausen. Written by Steve Hart. Fantastic! Only $1.00 plus 35¢

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TMT 1, COLLECTOR'S CLASSICS
Our special premier issue containing part one of 'The Men Who Saved Kong' NOSFERATU DER GOLEM and BUCK ROGERS. Also included is a Berni Wright son Frankenstein color poster and Wrightson s NOSFERATU comic strip
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Our first all STAR TREK edition, featuring the 'Star Trek Saga' interview with William Shatner profile of Leonard Nimoy and story on Gene Roddenberry Also Gray Morrow's Star Trek color centerfold STAR TREK comics and Spaceman of the '50's **$4 & 25c**

TMT 3, GIANT BUGS ON THE MUNCH,
Fimbook of bug classic THEM Bugs in the Comics by Mary Woltman The Empire of the Ants by H G Wells, a Rich Buckler comic strip and a review of Stan Lee at Carnegie Hall Also a giant KONG color poster and part two of 'The Men Who Saved Kong **$2 & 25c**

TMT 4 BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
Filmbook of the classic BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN review of THE PULPS article on GREEN Lantern/Green Arrow a two page Jeff Jones comic strip in color Roger Corman meets Edgar A Poe Dracula Goes To Court and the worst films of 1971 **$2 & 25c**

TMT 5 CREATURE' FEATURED
Filmbook and giant color poster of THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON interview with TARZAN comics Joe Kubert Humphrey Bogart's only monster movie more Jeff Jones comics and an article on ESQUIRE'S hip comic stories Not to mention Mushroom Monsters **$2 & 25c**

TMT 6, ZOMBIES ON PARADE
Features a zombie film survey 'Zombies in the Comics,' THE ASTRO ZOMBIES THE OMEGA MAN, a Dan Green comic strip review of Berni Wrightson's BADTIME STORIES NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD and a zombie color centerfold You'll never want to see zombies again ever **$2 & 25c**

TMT 10. EXCLUSIVELY E.C.,
All E C comics the greatest horror comics of them all Interview with Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein a talk with the Ghoul-Lunatics review of the E C HORROR LIBRARY OF THE 1950's, review of TALES FROM THE CRYPT movie, and introducing SEYMOUT the horror host **$5 & 25c**

TMT 11. PLANET OF THE APES
Fimbook and centerfold of PLANET OF THE APES the first apes movie Also includes CONAN in the comics THE NAVY VS THE NIGHT MONSTERS FRITZ THE CAT an interview with Dracula cover-age of the Graham Gallery's comic exhibit and Hemisphere's Blood movies **$3 & 25¢**

TMT 12. GORGEOUS GORGO
Filmbook and color centerfold on GORGO, review of Steranko's HISTORY OF COMICS, more Blood movies, more Seymour, 'Behind the Scenes at the PLANET OF THE APES, preview of WILLARD THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME and a special rat comic strip **$1 & 25¢**

TMT, 13. SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN,
An interview with Spidey's artist and writer Spider Man's most monsterous villians, DR PHIBES, fanzine reviews still more Blood movies, survey of the comic con phenomenon, still more Seymour and a special Spidey color centerfold by Kane and Ditko **$5 & 25¢**

TMT, 14, WICKED WOLFMAN,
Features a filmbook and color centerfold of WOLF MAN, article on comics chauvinist pig, THE PHANTOM GODZILLA Behind the Scenes at SILENT RUNNING review of SCIENCE FICTION FILM, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES and an interview with Peter Cushing **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 15. VALLEY OF GWANGI,
Filmbook and centerfold on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI an interview with Alfred Hitchcock, 'Vampires in the Comics,' preview of BLACKULA THE PLANT MONSTERS review of HPL magazine, Godzilla's own column, some real monsters and CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 16, GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT!,
Our spectacular issue breaking the story that Godzilla is running for president, with a color centerfold to match Also included are articles on MIGHTY JOE YOUNG COUNT YORGA and still more PLANT MONSTERS An interview with Vincent Price, and 'Comics Go to College.'
$1 & 25¢

TMT 17, SUPER SCIENCE FICTION
Filmbook and color centerfold of FORBIDDEN PLANET, review of FLASH GORDON HERITAGE, THE MYSTERIANS behind the scenes at the latest apes movie, SF TV GUIDE preview of ASYLUM interview with Rod Serling and review of the sci-fi WORLDCON **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 18, PIEDRAS BLANCAS MONSTER,
Filmbook and color centerfold on the classic (?) MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS Willis O'Brien's missing monsters, previews of DRACULA A.D. 1972, 'When Monsters Ruled the Comics,' Perry Rhodan of Germany, First Annual Monster Poll and King Kong comics **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 19 TERRIFYING TARANTULA,
Fimbook and co or centerfold on TARANTULA, articles on Dr Death and Dr Shock, the return of E.C. comics 'Hercules in the Comics' Late Film roundup, review of some recent monster movie campaigns, and some really repulsive comics. **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 20. STILL MORE S-F AND STAR TREK,
Our third s-f issue contains a 12-page STAR TREK pull out, which includes our already classic "Keep On Trekin'" poster, STAR TREK filmography, STAR TREK Yellow Pages, review of the STAR TREK books and Mr Spock model Also FU MANCHU. **$3 & 25¢**

TMT 21, THE TOTAL FRANKENSTEIN,
Filmbook on 1931's FRANKENSTEIN, a complete FRANKENSTEIN filmography, the real Castle Frankenstein, "The Decline of Frankenstein interview with Glen (Frankenstein) Strange, "Frankenstein in the Comics," and a color centerfold w th all the FRANKENSTEINS of the movies. **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 22. GREEN SLIME BLUES,
Filmbook on GREEN SLIME preview on THE VAULT OF HORROR Godzilla vs Gidrah, GENESIS II, article on New York's CREEP, results of the Monster Poll review of the KLINE PORTFOLIO and a trip to the Amicus studios Also, TMT's exclusive MR MONSTERMORE Seeing is believing! **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 23, GADZOOKS, GODZILLA
A special 40 page magazine issue of TMT devoted to GODZILLA and his friends Including a GODZILLA filmbook four color GODZILLA posters, the friends of GODZILLA, Tom Sutton's super comic strip RAT and more on the Greatest Beast in the World, Godzilla **$1 & 25¢**

TMT 24, REGAL RODAN
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THE MONSTER TIMES LOUSY FILM DEPARTMENT PROUDLY PRESENTS ANOTHER LOUSY FILM:

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK

BY JOE KANE

It has been pointed out by concerned readers that we at TMT have granted only spotty coverage to the recent rash of made-for-TV terror films that have been crowding the airwaves of late. Actually, in most cases, said spotty coverage can be fairly interpreted as a policy of benign neglect, for some of the TV-tailored fright films (particularly those aired on ABC) rank among the worst horror efforts we've ever witnessed and that, as any regular reader of this publication knows, is going pretty far. While the majority of these epics are eminently forgettable, one that caught our occasionally jaundiced editorial eye—THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK— was so atrocious that we just couldn't pass it by. TMT Editor Joe Kane's carefully considered critique of that disaster begins herewith...

Oliver Reed, lycanthropic star of Hammer's CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, is also unfavorably impressed by the witless antics of ABC-TV's werewolf.

We can only imagine the giddy glee that pervaded the conference room at the ABC-TV headquarters when an addled, doubtlessly overworked scriptwriter hit network execs with a brief outline bearing the boldlettered legend: **THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK**. That such was anything but a far-out title and dynamite idea was simply not within the confines of the question. Why, all that remained was to have said scriptwriter get down to the sober business of knocking out a script to conform to that ol' tremendo title. As it turned out, that little problem was never solved, but the project proceeded undaunted, and everyone involved in the resultant travesty should have his hair pulled out, one by one, be he lycanthrope or not, beginning with executive producer Dick Clark, who already has more than his fair share of cinematic sins to answer for.

RIGHT-WING WEREWOLF

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK opens with brief stock footage scenes from the actual 1969 Woodstock Music Fair (which actually transpired on Max Yasgur's farm near Watkins Glenn, some 50 miles from the town of Woodstock), followed by an announcer analyzing the just-concluded event after most of the half million participants have departed. The film (or rather **videotape**—it's another of those cardboard WIDE WORLD MYSTERY outings) then cuts to the interior of a nearby house where a crude hardhat-type happens to be watching that selfsame announcer on TV. We immediately know where **this** character is at when we see him not only guzzle a can of beer but crush the empty can afterwards, a habit, as anyone who saw **JOE** knows, engaged in only by inarticulate right-wing churls

Not only is THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK the worst werewolf we've seen in many a full moon, but he's apparently incapable of taking a little constructive criticism as well, as he reaches out here to snare sign held aloft by a much more exemplary lycanthrope, Universal's THE WOLFMAN

Well, as we've already surmised, this guy doesn't go for these Woodstock kids or their music at all and, muttering something about "miserable freaks," sets out in search of errant hippies to terrorize. Stalking about the festival site, he makes his way to the abandoned stage where, in the only decent shock in the entire show, he promptly grabs a live wire, electrocutes himself and somehow (it's explained in the script but so badly and boringly that you won't get me to repeat it here) turns into the lycanthrope of the title.

Cut to zany hippie rock band making plans to head for Woodstock where, as part of some sort of media stunt, they intend to have themselves photographed on the very same abandoned stage that inadvertently did in the bellicose hardhat. Within two minutes of their initial appearance, the members of the band run through every word and phrase in the Hollywood freak dictionary, circa 1967, from "up front" to "far out," though somehow managing to neglect "groovy." At any rate, they wend their way to Woodstock where a rash of violent, mysterious killings have recently broken out. Various local authorities are quick to assign the blame to unindentified demented hippies, but visiting detectives Michael Parks and Meredith MacRae believe that the sinister slayings are actually the work of a—dare they say it?— **werewolf**. More killings and atrocious dialogue ensue before the werewolf is discovered and dispatched via loud doses of bad rock music supplied by the band.

Grrrrrrrrr... Hippies say dey like women, but don't trust nobody over thirty. Duh...what happens if dey meet a woman over thirty, huh? Grrrrrrrrr.

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK (Tige Andrews) carries off hapless rock singer (Belinda Balaski) in what was undoubtedly intended as a climactic scene from that made-for-TV opus. Irritated fright film fans have executive producer Dick Clark, of AMERICAN BANDSTAND fame, to thank for bringing this lycanthropic loser to the horror home screen.

LIFELESS LYCANTHROPE

With a bit more effort or talent on the parts of scriptwriters Hank Saroyan and Bill Lee, **THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK** might have been **intentionally** funny, rather than unintentionally unfunny, and a bit easier for all to bear. As it happened, though, the script was delivered to director John Moffitt D.O.A., and **THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK** can comfortably take its place among the very worst fright epics ever made. Unlike earlier rip-offs of the "counterculture"—particularly AIP '60s "psychedelic" shockers like **MARYJANE**, **THE HALLUCINATION GENERATION** and **RIOT ON SUNSET STRIP** with their dumb but spirited "acid" nightmare sequences—**THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK** isn't even invested with the kind of absurd energy that made those films stupid, terrible, perhaps even dangerously misleading, but rarely boring.

In addition to its lifeless script, inept makeup work and ear-curdling score, **THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK** drove normally capable actors into turning in performances so weary and embarrassed that all but the most heartless viewers were moved not only to boredom but pity as well. Tige Andrews, in the title role, has only a few lines, while all Ann Doran as his worried wife is called upon to do is look upon a stormy sky, wring her hands and shudder and sigh. Michael Parks' embarrassed expressions and ill-articulated delivery well befit the ridiculous lines he's given. The scenes have the look of being done sans retakes which, what with TV movies' notoriously short shooting schedules, may have very well been the case.

And speaking of lines, there's one in **THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK** that has to rank as a prime contender for all-time cryptic utterance honors. When a doctor (played by ex-CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT Richard Webb) talks about the past, detective Harold J. Stone shakes his head and chuckles, "We're too old to remember the old days."

Great!

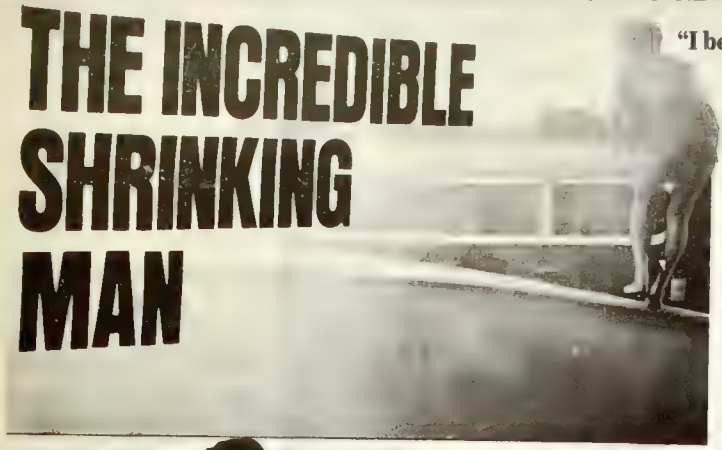
Cut!

Print! ■

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK (1974) ABC-TV. Directed by John Moffitt. Teleplay by Hank Saroyan and Bill Lee. Executive producer Dick Clark. Starring Michael Parks, Meredith MacRae, Tige Andrews.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

"I became an instant celebrity—a freak!



1 "The almost unbelievable story of Robert Scott Carey began on a very ordinary summer day. I am Robert Scott Carey. My wife, Louise, and I were spending our vacation on a boat that my brother had loaned us. A few days before we were scheduled to return home, a strange-looking mist passed by the vessel. Louise was in the cabin at the time, but I was bathed in small, glowing particles from the mysterious cloud. This incident puzzled me, but I soon forgot about it."

2 Six months later, I began to notice some very odd things. It seemed as though the cleaners kept mixing up my clothes with those of a larger man. Nothing fit properly. Even my personally-monogrammed shirts were loose on me. Louise thought that I was losing weight, and I asked her to pick up a bathroom scale. I was very worried about my sudden change in dimensions, and I wondered if the mist that I had encountered while on my vacation had anything to do with it."

3 "When I finally went to see a doctor about my condition, he helped to confirm my greatest fear—that I WAS SHRINKING! According to his measurements, I was only 5'11" tall, but I had been 6'1" since I was seventeen years old! In addition, I had lost nearly ten pounds in the past few weeks! Of course, he wouldn't agree with this scientific impossibility at first. Two weeks later, though, he had no other choice. His X-rays proved, without a doubt, that I was indeed getting smaller every day."

4 "A series of intensive tests was begun at the California Research Institute. After three weeks, the results showed that the molecular structure of my body's cells had been somehow rearranged. The effect was an incredible diminution of all my organs, proportionately. With the help of the chief scientist, we pieced it all together. Two months before, I had been accidentally sprayed with some insecticide. The strange cloud, which had apparently been radio active, had changed the mildly virulent germ spray into a substance that reversed my growth process."

5 "I continued to shrink, despite everything that the doctors tried to halt or reverse the process. Louise was a tremendous help to me in those difficult days. At one point, I approached her with an offer of separation or divorce. She stated that as long as I had my wedding ring on, we'd be together. Then the ring fell off! When Charlie—my brother and employer—ran into financial trouble and found himself unable to continue paying my salary, I sold my story to the newspapers. I became an instant celebrity—a freak! The Incredible Shrinking Man"

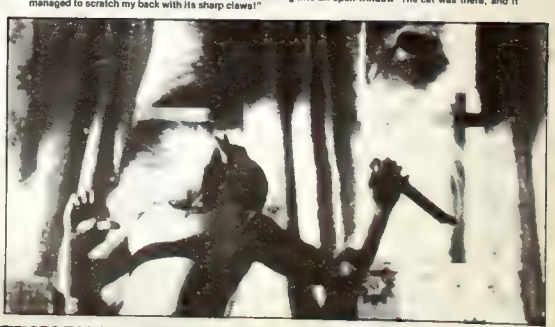
6 "After awhile, I could no longer stand the crowds that daily outside my house. We were plagued by curiosity seekers until Louise cancelled the phone service. Day and night, the media carried news items about me. I was sick of it all, and one night I ran away from the whole ugly scene. During my subsequent wandering, I came upon a carnival. There, I met a very pretty female midget, who was even shorter than I was. We became good friends."

7 "The woman, who reminded me a great deal of Louise, helped me to adjust to my predicament. She taught me that it wasn't so bad living in a world of oversized things. For the first time since the nightmare began, I was not afraid. My bitterness subsided, particularly because my shrinking seemed to have stopped for a while. We were happy together, but one evening I noticed that she was suddenly taller than me. I ran away again, horrified by the knowledge that I was again growing smaller!"

8 Within a short time, I was no larger than a doll. In fact, I lived in a two-story doll house that Louise got for me and set up on the main floor of our own home. Every day it was worse—every day a little smaller. And every day I became more tyrannical—more monstrous—in my domination of Louise. Heaven knows how she lived through those weeks. Only I had the power to release her, if I could have found the courage to end my wretched existence."

9 Each day I thought: perhaps tomorrow the doctors will save me. Louise stayed by me, in spite of all her torment. Then, one night, everything changed for the worse. Louise was out shopping, and somehow our very own pet cat got back into the house. The hungry creature sniffed me out and headed straight for my tiny abode. I heard it scratching at the door, and I couldn't imagine what was making the noise. Apprehensively, I opened the door and was confronted by a giant monster—a cat!"

10 "My attacker howled in anger when I slammed the door in its face. I grabbed a miniature knife for protection, and prayed that I would not have to use it. I knew that I would probably die if I had to fight the feline. 'Where was Louise?' my frantic brain asked. What was keeping her? In my attempt to elude my opponent, I did not notice that I was backing into an open window. The cat was there, and it managed to scratch my back with its sharp claws!"



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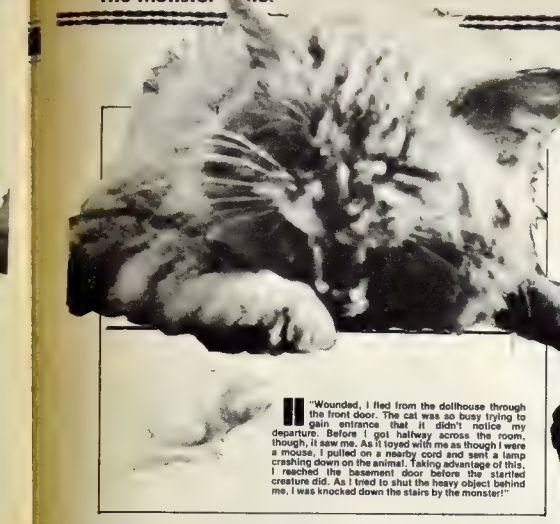
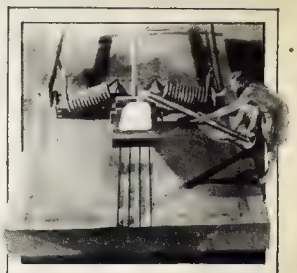
"...The Incredible Shrinking Man!"



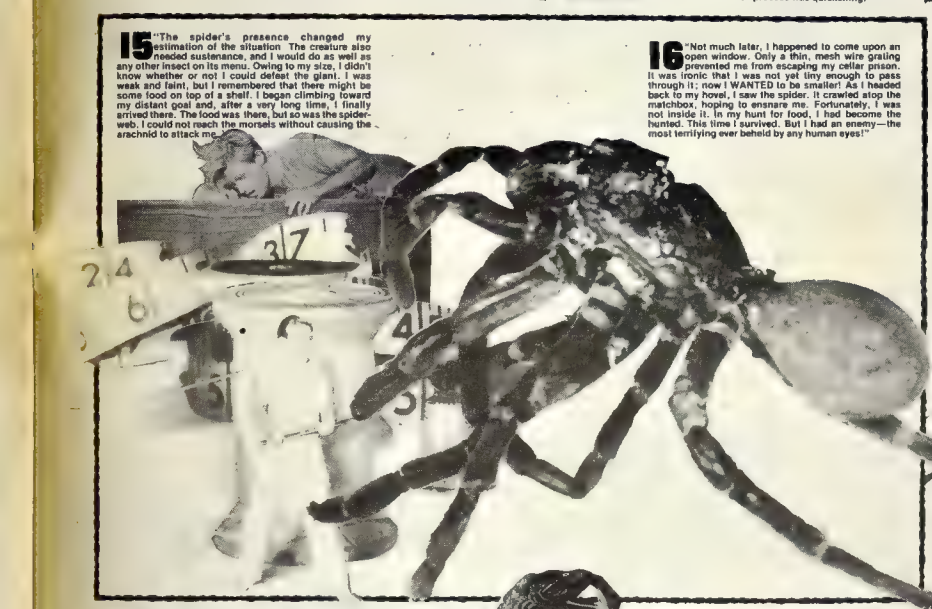
11 "Wounded, I fled from the dollhouse through the front door. The cat was so busy trying to gain entrance that it didn't notice my departure. Before I got halfway across the room, though, it saw me. As it toyed with me as though I were a mouse, I pulled on a nearby cord and sent a lamp crashing down on the animal. Taking advantage of this, I reached the basement door before the startled creature did. As I tried to shut the heavy object behind me, I was knocked down the stairs by the monster!"

12 "My return to consciousness was a plunge into a new level of pain. I realized that I had fallen into a box that was lying on the basement floor. I heard footsteps in the room above, so I figured that Louise had returned in time to save me. I yelled as loud as I could, but my voice was too low to be heard. The stairs stretched above me, cliff upon cliff; I knew I could never scale them. Eventually, Louise would come to the cellar. Until then, I had to keep myself alive with whatever resources I could discover in my basement universe...and in myself."

13 "Later, I heard a radio report announcing my tragic death." Louise must have thought the monster had killed me. She was much better off believing that, but I needed her help to survive. A leaking water heater provided me with liquid sustenance, and I used a matchbox as my dwelling place. A piece of cloth served as my clothing, and I fashioned a pin into a hooked weapon. I never doubted that sometime Louise would come. I had only to exist. I was driven by hunger, and also by the horrible thought that without nourishment the shrinking process was quickening."



14 "I soon found a large piece of cheese in a mousetrap that I had once set. Desperately, I attempted to remove the food, but each movement drove the mechanism closer to being triggered. Finally, I dropped a nail onto the trap and sprang it! The cheese went sailing into the air, ending up on the drainage grating. To my anger and regret, it fell through before I could reach it. This major setback almost caused me to give up. Then, before I had a chance to really feel sorry for myself, I saw that an enormous black tarantula shared my cellar domain!"



15 "The spider's presence changed my estimation of the situation. The creature also needed sustenance, and I would do as well as any other insect on its menu. Owing to my size, I didn't know whether or not I could defeat the giant. I was weak and faint, but I remembered that there might be some food on top of a shelf. I began climbing toward my distant goal and, after a very long time, I finally arrived there. The food was there, but so was the spider-web. I could not reach the morsels without causing the arachnid to attack me."

16 "Not much later, I happened to come upon an open window. Only a thin, mesh wire grating prevented me from escaping my cellar prison. It was ironic that I was not yet tiny enough to pass through it; now I WANTED to be smaller! As I headed back to my hovel, I saw the spider. It crawled atop the matchbox, hoping to ensnare me. Fortunately, I was not inside it. In my hunt for food, I had become the hunted. This time I survived. But I had an enemy—the most terrifying ever beheld by any human eyes!"

17 "When it was safe to do so, I retired to my humble abode to try and think things out. Although the cellar was huge, I knew that my path would eventually cross that of the tarantula again. I had to prepare for this inevitability, before I became too small to handle my makeshift weapons. As I wearily contemplated my fate, the sound of the drops that leaked from the water heater grew more annoying. I started to investigate, but just then a torrent of liquid came rushing down at me! Within seconds, I was swept away by the ensuing flood!"

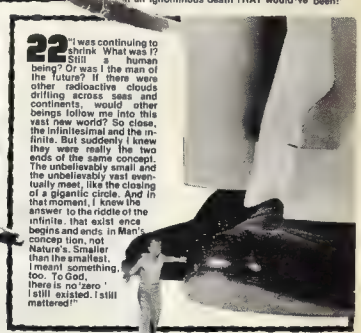
18 "I tried to grab onto nearby floating objects to save myself, but nothing helped! Fortunately, Louise and Charlie came down to the basement a few minutes later. By that time, the water was up to their ankles, but it was way over my head! I called to them, but they couldn't hear me as Charlie turned off the water and unclogged the drain. He almost stepped on me when he headed toward the stairs; they never saw me. Nearly unconscious, I held onto a huge pencil in order to stop myself from going down the drain. [illegible] an ignominous death THAT would've been!"

19 "I still had my weapons. With these bits of metal I was a man again. If I was to die, it would not be as a helpless insect in the jaws of the spider-monster. I recognized that part of my illness was rooted in hunger, and I remembered the food on the shelf—the cake, threaded with spider-web. If I was to win the morsel, then it was to be now, while strength remained. Somehow I felt within myself a new source of power—a giant strength, urging me to the death struggle."

20 "My enemy seemed immortal. It was every unknown terror in the world, fused into one hideous, night-black horror. An idea came to me: the scissors, too heavy for me to employ as a weapon, might have another use. If I could impale the monster with my hook, fastened by a line to the scissors, then push them off the ledge...whatever the risk. It was worth a try. When my preparations were complete, I yanked on the web. Seconds later, my foe came charging down after me!"

21 The black horror crept toward me, determined to end my life. I stood waiting for the right instant in which to make my move. When the time was right, I carried out my plan! The scissors went flying over the edge of the shelf, but the thread caught onto a chip of wood. Seconds later, the line broke, and my inhuman adversary continued its advance. I tripped, and the monstrous thing leaped upon me! While on the very brink of madness, I plunged my spear into the creature, destroying it once and for all. I was the victor, but I didn't seem to care anymore."

22 "I was continuing to shrink. What was I? Still a human being? Or was I the man of the future? If there were other radioactive clouds drifting across seas and continents, would other beings follow me into this vast new world? So close, the infinitesimal and the infinite. But suddenly I knew they were really the two ends of the same concept. The unbelievably small and the unbelievably vast eventually meet, like the closing of a gigantic circle. And in that moment, I knew the answer to the riddle of the infinite: that exist ence begins and ends in Man's concep tion, not Nature's. Smaller than the smallest. I meant something, too. To God, there is no 'zero.' I still existed. I still mattered!"



Jack Arnold's THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN has won the reputation of being a quiet classic of the horror/sci-fi genre and remains one of the most lucid and exciting of the era's nuclear paranoia films. According to writer Carlos Clarens, Arnold's fright film "introduced a very different type of fear into the dark solitude of movie houses, not instant annihilation but a gradual inexorable descent into nothingness." Arnold, who also contributed chillers like IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (1953), TARANTULA (1955) and THE SPACE CHILDREN (1958) to the terror film treasure chest, employed a strong script by Richard Matheson to fashion an unforgettable film.

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN (1957) Universal. Directed by Jack Arnold. Screenplay by Richard Matheson, from his own story. With Grant Williams (Scott Carey), Randy Stuart, April Kent, Paul Langton, Raymond Bailey, William Schallert, Diana Darrin, Frank Scannell, Helene Marshall, Billy Curtis.

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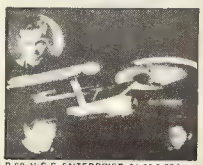

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HORROR MOVIE COMICS

Part 2 of a Series on Fright Film Comics

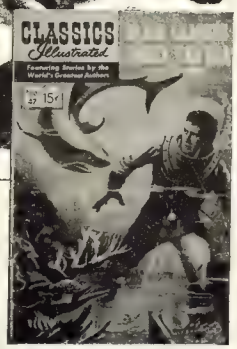
BY RON HAYDOCK

Last issue we ran Part the First of horror historian Ron Haydock's series on fright film comics. You may recall that at the conclusion of that erudite piece, we promised that our next issue (the very one you're now holding in your claws) would feature his equally erudite history of Science Fiction Comics. As it turned out, we were getting a bit ahead of ourselves (which, when you're as slow as we are, is not a difficult thing to do) and that installment will instead appear in a later issue of TMT. Right now Mr. Haydock addresses himself to the sinister subject of HORROR Movie Comics, and his horrific history begins herewith...

Boris Karloff co-starred with Vincent Price and Peter Lorre in Dell's 1963 adaptation of AIP's **THE RAVEN**. Neither film, comic nor Universal's 1935 **THE RAVEN** had much to do with Poe's poem of the same name, but AIP's **THE RAVEN** did have its mirthful moments, as well as a brief appearance by Jack Nicholson

After Fox translated Verne's **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH** to the screen in 1960, Classics Illustrated adapted the tale to the comics in 1966. These anti-social sea monsters were but two of many formidable obstacles Verne's intrepid explorers encountered along their journey

Vincent Price puts on an anxious face in the presence of one of several **WAR-GODS OF THE DEEP** in Dell's 1965 adaptation of Jacques Tourneur's film. Though the story idea was purloined from Poe's "City Beneath The Sea," Edgar Allan received no credit in either film or comic



Jules Verne's **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**, cinematically adapted by Walt Disney in 1955, was given the Classics Illustrated treatment back in 1948, with illustrations by Henry C. Kiefer

Since 1960, American International Pictures has produced thirteen horror films based on stories and poems by Edgar Allan Poe, and, since 1962, Dell Comics has published five of these Poe-inspired films as special one-shot movie edition comic books.

POE'S TALES OF TERROR, which starred Vincent Price, Peter Lorre and Basil Rathbone, featured a striking, horrific color photo cover of one-time Miss America winner Leona Gage as the devil beauty Lenora from the story **Morella**. Dell's movie comic was issed early in 1962 and came hot on the heels of the AIP's very successful **PIT AND THE PENDULUM**, which had assured the studio they did indeed have boxoffice magic in Edgar Allan Poe films. Publishing **POE'S TALES OF TERROR**, Dell Comics found that Poe was equally profitable for them and followed this four-color comic book version of the films—which featured the stories **Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar, The Black Cat**, and **Morella**—with more Poe movie comics over the next three years.

THE RAVEN, starring Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre and Vincent Price, was their next horror movie comic. Published in 1963, Dell's comic featured Vincent Price in a full-color, suitably diabolical pose on the cover, and there were black and white photos from the movie on the inside covers. **MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH**, with Price and Hazel Court, followed in 1964, while **TOMB OF LIGEIA** and **WAR GODS OF THE DEEP** made up the final Poe movie editions.

Although Dell never credited **WAR GODS OF THE DEEP** as being a Poe story, it most certainly was. The AIP film had been inspired by the author's poem **"City Beneath The Sea."** However, the studio's own advertising of the movie also neglected to credit Poe as the source for the script, and no doubt Dell was simply following AIP's lead by also not publishing Poe's name along with the title of the film.

CLASSIC CRAZE CONTINUES

In 1963, amidst the Poe movie comics craze, Dell continued their horror movie adaptations of famous authors works by publishing Nathaniel Hawthorne's **TWICE TOLD TALES**, a United Artists film starring Vincent Price, Sebastian Cabot, Mari Blanchard and Richard Denning. Later, in 1966, Dell illustrated another AIP film, H.P. Lovecraft's **Die, MONSTER, DIE**, starring Boris Karloff and Nick Adams. The movie was based on Lovecraft's story **The Colour Out of Space**, and the movie comic featured an appropriately terrifying color picture of Karloff on the cover.

Another horror film adaptation from Dell this one in 1965, was **TWO ON A GUILLOTINE**, a Warner Bros. film that (understandably) never reached the heights of fame of the Poe and Lovecraft movies. Still, Dell's movie edition was as neatly produced as any other they had ever published. Earlier though, in 1963, Gold Key Comics published a horror movie comic of **X—THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES**, an AIP science-horror film starring Ray Milland, and both this film and the Gold Key comic version were much more successful than the old dark house type horror-mystery, **TWO ON A GUILLOTINE**, which starred Dean Jones and Connie Stevens.

In 1973, Marvel Comics issued a strip version of Theodore Sturgeon's **KILLDOZER**. The story was published in Marvel's science-fiction-horror title **UNKNOWN WORLDS** #6 and the cover featured a blurb announcing that **KILLDOZER** would also be on TV...which it was. ABC-TV had produced the film version of the famous Sturgeon tale as a Movie Of The Week offering and, in most areas, Marvel's comic and ABC's movie appeared simultaneously on newsstands and television. The next year, under the leadership of editor Roy Thomas, Marvel also published a two-issue movie comic of Columbia Pictures **GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD**, a Ray Harryhausen special effects spectacular, and then a series of dollar-size, black and white magazines based on the popular **PLANET OF THE APES** movies.

But more on these particular Marvel movie comics later.

DELL LEADS THE WAY

Following Fawcett Publications' precedent-setting series of **MOVIE COMICS** and **MOTION PICTURE COMICS** in the early fifties, Dell became the leading publisher of movie editions of all kinds of films. And just as they were later to produce many Edgar Allan Poe movie comics, Dell also published many movie editions of the films of Jules Verne.

Dell's first Jules Verne movie comic was **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**, from the classic Walt Disney film of 1955, starring Kirk Douglas, Peter Lorre, and James Mason as Captain Nemo. Two years later, when Michael Todd produced the lavish spectacular **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, with an all-star cast featuring David Niven, Cantinflas, Frank Sinatra and Tim McCoy, Dell issued their own attractive comic of the film, and followed the Todd film with **JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH**, from 20th Century-Fox, in 1960. Starring James Mason, Pat Boone and Arlene Dahl, the movie not only marked James Mason's return to Verne moveland, but to Verne movie comicland too.

In 1961, Dell published **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, a Columbia film starring Michael Callan and Joan Greenwood, with Herbert Lom as Captain Nemo. **THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** was a Ray Harryhausen special effects-laden giant monster romp, and the startling cover of Dell's comic showed various members of the cast battling a giant land crab. In 1964, Dell reissued this comic under the title **MYSTERIOUS ISLE**. But the reprint featured a different cover replacing the color movie photo from the original edition was artwork depicting island survivors aboard ship watching the mysterious island explode in a volcanic upheaval.

Dell's final Jules Verne movie comic was **MASTER OF THE WORLD** in 1961. This was from an AIP film starring Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, Mary Webster and Henry Hull, and featured both Price and his amazing airship on the cover.

COMING NEXT!
SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE COMICS!
DON'T MISS IT!

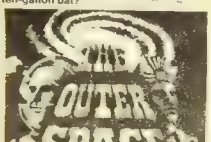
the Monster Times Teletype

...is our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-weird-wire info to you, serving up all the news of what's cookin' in every medium, from the rare to the half-baked to the well-done. reviews, previews, bulletins and controversial comments on horror, sci-fi and fantasy happenings in films, books, comics, TV and even real life. We have spared no costs, time or tender egos in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so feel free to send us letters full of lavish praise for our selfless efforts to keep you "in-the-know." Handling Fright Film Forecasting chores is "Breezy Bill" Feret, who kicks off this feature with his column, which begins directly below .

MGM seems ready to give their all for their filming of the sci-fi thriller **LOGAN'S RUN**, sparing no expense on special effects. I think they're trying for another **2001** Pic deals with the premise that, in future times, society will find that anyone over 30 years of age has had it...or will get it, at any rate. My readers have reason to fear such a policy, for that would do away with most of the TMT staff yours truly included.

Speaking of disasters, Irwin Allen keeps them coming. Will anyone be safe? Already set for filming are **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED, THE SWARM** and **THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE II** (perhaps it rolls over again?).

The desperadoes who wear black will be witches...sort of. Just completed location shooting in San Antonio) is **RACE WITH THE DEVIL**, starring Peter Fonda, Loretta Swit, Warren Oates and **DARK SHADOWS** alumnus Lara Parker. Witches and Indians, hmmm...will the hero wear a ten-gallon hat?



Sun Classic Films, who brought **CHARIOTS OF THE GODS** to theater screens, has readied a sequel entitled **THE OUTER SPACE CONNECTION**, which offers further evidence of extra-terrestrial surveillance and pre-historic visitations.

Current sci-fi thriller lensing for Avco Embassy is Sandy Howard's **EMBRYO**.

Gene Hackman, along with Susan Clark (late of **COLOSSUS: THE FORBIN PROJECT**), will star in a new suspenser at 20th Century Fox entitled **NIGHT MOVIES**.

AIP's release of Edgar Rice Burroughs' **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT** will be utilizing mechanical monsters—let's hope the script will be less mechanical than they. In any case, I believe that they've filmed but the first book of the Caspak trilogy, leaving those two even better goodies in the wings as sequel material. Let's make this one a big enough boxoffice hit to warrant just that.

If many of you were disappointed as I certainly was, in ABC-TV's updated production of **WONDER WOMAN**, you are in for a treat. ABC has realized its mistake with a miscast Cathy Lee Crosby in that watery story with an even more insipid costume and are repentant enough to offer us **THE NEW, ORIGINAL WONDER WOMAN**, starring Lynda Carter as "WW" and Lyle Waggoner, late of **THE CAROL BURNETT SHOW**, as Colonel Steve Trevor. Hokey as it may sound, absurd as it certainly is, that lady better have star-spattered panties and a golden bird across her bust, as well as that dumb tiara and those red high-heeled sandals, if she's gong to attempt to be the crusading heroine we have come to love. Some things just should not be changed!

And speaking of changeless things, one would add **STAR TREK** to that category, and yes, dear friends, Roddenberry will make as few changes as possible when he lenses his **New Pilot** episode at Paramount. Gene hopes to rehire the entire roster of the U.S.S. Enterprise by the time shooting gets underway. It will first be exhibited as a theatrical release, and if response is what I expect it to be, it won't be long before that gleaming craft is again streaking through the voids of television space.

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN's mad-cap marvel, Gene Wilder, will play the title role in Mel-Bros-Fox's new **THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER**. Film is rolling in London. Wilder will then write, direct and star in a comedy-mystery entitled **WHEN THE RIGHT MAN COMES ALONG**.

Seems Sherlock is indeed a man to watch. With his having enjoyed a healthy run on Broadway, as well as being the center of the above-mentioned film, there's yet another Holmes movie on the way. Herbert Ross will direct **THE SEVEN PER CENT SOLUTION**, from Nicholas Meyer's current best-selling tome, for Universal.

United Artists is releasing a "modern-day satirical treatment of John Huston's **THE MALTESE FALCON**" called **THE MANCHU EAGLE MURDER CAPER MYSTERY**, starring Gabriel Dell, Barbara Harris, Will Geer and Jackie Coogan.

Carl Reiner, a funny, funny man, is set to direct for United Artists a film called **HELP, I'M BEING HELD PRISONER**.

A new company called The Trans-Orient Entertainment Corp. is invading our market, first with an occult-horror film, shot on location in New York, entitled **TERROR, NIGHT AND THE CITY**, starring Harve Presnell and Jerry Lacy. They have also lined-up for the legitimate stage a Hollywood murder-mystery called **CIRCA-44**, set in the glossy tinsel-town of 1944.

Author Mario Puzo, previously responsible for **THE GODFATHER, GODFATHER II**, and **EARTHQUAKE**, has been announced to write the screenplay for Alexander Salkind's color, full-length screen adaptation of none other than **SUPERMAN**. That's the same one we all know and love. Up, Up, and Away—Out!!

SUPERMAN II's set to premiere on the West End, with music by Tony Macaulay and book and lyrics by (you're not going to believe this) Ron Inkpen.

Have faith in the British; they were the ones responsible for bringing **THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW** here. Whether you approve of it or not, it's a lot of fun, but hardly recommended for the too-young, unless they understand Dracula in drag.

Funny, I never before realized just how sturdy those two old dears are— FRANKENSTEIN and DRACULA have been presented in almost every conceivable way possible....from musicals to comedies, from westerns to modern-day dramas, from gruesome reality to light cartoon. I wonder what Bram Stoker and Mary Shelley would have to say if they knew what was being done to their creations.

A new musical spoof being readied in London, **WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN INCREDIBLE?**, will satirize none other than the man with the "S" on his chest!

STAR TREK LIVES

It's official now. The USS Enterprise will ship out in 1976 on a new mission of adventure and exploration. Paramount Pictures and Gene Roddenberry's Norway Productions have overcome their contract impasses and have signed the papers to make the return of **STAR TREK** a reality. According to Roddenberry, the new feature-length film will feature the original cast and 10 international celebrities in cameo roles.

There will be lots of new things too. For one, the USS Enterprise will be updated to conform to new aero-space designs. New instruments like digital readouts and new controls will be added to the bridge and other control areas. The uniforms will be redesigned with new, stretch-knit materials not available when the original show went into production. The entire film will be produced in Magicam, the fantastic new miniature set process which will cut set costs in half.

But...as late as April 8th there are some things that have **NOT** been set. We talked with Gene on the phone to get the most up-to-date reports of the film's progress.

TMT: Has the crew signed on yet?

RODDENBERRY: No. On a friendly level they all say they want to do it, but they won't look at contracts until the script is ready. No one has signed on yet.

TMT: When will that script be done?

RODDENBERRY: It's mostly in my head now. I have little of it on paper. I figure by August...about four months.

TMT: Then the cast won't be set until late Fall?

RODDENBERRY: It looks that way

TMT: The sets have to be built and effects arranged?

RODDENBERRY: Right.

TMT: It sounds to me as though we're talking about a shooting date in January of next year.

RODDENBERRY: Could be. I have other things to do too. I have to redesign the Enterprise. We gave the first model, the eleven-footer, to the Smithsonian. I also have to redesign the costumes, controls ...it will be quite a task.

TMT: How long has this feature film version of STAR TREK been in the works?

RODDENBERRY: Since the day the show folded on the air. I didn't know if we could resuscitate it as a feature or a series. I guess the feature may enable us to get the series back on the air if it shows a good boxoffice return to our 'friends' at the networks.

TMT: Are you excited about Magicam?

RODDENBERRY: Yes. It will greatly increase the number of sets we can have. It's almost limitless in scope.

TMT: I understand you get up at 4 AM each day to work on the script?

RODDENBERRY: Mostly. It's beautiful up here in the mountains. It's been a long uphill climb to get here, both physically and from a business point of view.

TMT: What's happening with your other projects?

RODDENBERRY: QUESTOR was shelved when NBC wanted to make many drastic changes. It just wouldn't have been the same idea I presented. Maybe we can revive it when they change their minds...if ever. Maybe I can make that a film, too. **GENESIS II** was bounced by CBS and changed to **PLANET EARTH** for ABC. They think it **may** "someday" be a mini-series called **STRANGE NEW WORLD**. No word on that yet.

TMT: Can you tell us anything about the plot of the new STAR TREK film?

RODDENBERRY: Only this idea I have been playing around with. People have always asked me, "Gene, how did this whole United Federation thing get started. How did they meet, how did the Enterprise get built...what was the beginning of it all like?" I have been toying with the idea of making the feature film start with the early days of the crew in Starfleet and bring them up to the point where we first met them in the series. We'll see how it goes.

TMT: If it goes, when can we expect to see STAR TREK back on the tube?

RODDENBERRY: Who knows. I can tell you that I won't see it as a series of hour shows. I would expect the magnitude to be that of a series of Movies of the Week...a 90-minute or two-hour mini-series like **COLUMBO**. The old hour format is not suitable anymore.

TMT: One more thing before we go. I understand from a friend at Twentieth Century Fox that you just sold them a new screenplay for a sci-fi film. What is it?

RODDENBERRY: It's a thing called **MAGNA I**, about inner space, the undersea world, in the year 2111 AD.

TMT: STAR TREK with gills?

RODDENBERRY: Well...

TMT: Sorry. I'll get back to you next month.

RODDENBERRY: O.K. I've got to get back to work. Bye. Good luck. □

CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country, comic nuts, sf fans, monster freaks and the like are constantly gathering to buy, sell, trade, collect and listen to speeches. As with most gatherings of fans, the conventions often border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good chance you'll pick up some rare item for your collection. And they're great places to meet people—famous, infamous and plain unknown.

If you've never been to a "con," we highly recommend you try one. They vary in size, emphasis, and quality, of course, but they're all fun to attend. We at TMT will do our part by keeping you informed of all upcoming cons.

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Aug 1-3	TELE-FANTASY CON 75 Gary Berman 197-50 Peck Ave. Flushing, N.Y. 11365	HOTEL COMMODORE 42 St & Park Ave. New York City	$6.00 for all 3 days in advance or $4.00 a day at the door.	Giant film festival, movie and TV memorabilia!, Dealers' rooms, Special Guests
3rd Sunday every month	NOSTALGIA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass. 02154	Howard Johnson Motor Lodge	75¢	comic books, pulps, toys, movies, auctions
Sunday June 22nd (every other month)	MXYZTPLK COMICONVENTION 10PM to 5PM	HOTEL McALPIN 34th St & Broadway New York City	$1.00	Comics, comics, & even more comics!
August 30—Sept. 1st	NOSTALGIA "75" 59 Derby Court Staten Island, N.Y. 10302	HOTEL COMMODORE New York City	$4.50 in advance $6.00 at the door	Dealer's room, auctions Special guest of honor BUSTER CRABBE
August 30 to Sept. 1	PALM BEACH CON / TREKON INTERNATIONAL 1975 P.O. Box 69 W. Palm Beach, Fl. 33402	COLONNADES BEACH HOTEL Singer Island	$8.50 in advance until July 1 $10.00 at the door	Super Film Festival, Art Show, Dealers Room, Star Trek Guests, Costume Ball

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A poignant panorama of props, models and assorted monster memorabilia up for sale at the Shepperton suction, as another fright film studio retires to an early grave. In the center and top left is special effects wizard Brian Johnson- whose credits include 2001 and LAND THAT TIME FORGOT—examining spaceship from SPACE: 1999 teleseries

DEATH COMES TO SHEPPERTON

Mark Carducci, one of many roving TMT creature correspondents, recently visited England, where he found himself a first-hand witness to a sinister and somewhat saddening sight—the dismantling of Shepperton Studios, site of many a Hammer and Amicus horror film. Mark was also on hand to view the subsequent studio auction, where all sorts of monster movie mementos were up for sale, and reports on that eerie event here...

It was a sad day for film buffs, and particularly for horror fans, when Shepperton Studios closed its doors several months ago and announced a public auction of its excess equipment, furniture and properties. Some of the finest horror films of the past fifteen years were shot on Shepperton's stages, including much of the output of both Hammer Films and Milton Subotsky's Amicus Productions. For these two companies and many others the auction signaled a moving on. But they say every cloud has a silver lining and, looked at in a different light, this was true of Shepperton's shutdown too. For housed in the recesses of her special effects department were hundreds of props, miniatures, models, breakaways, sketches, paintings and other rare tidbits: a plethora of movie memorabilia all for sale to the highest bidder. The auction catalogue issued by the studio listed it all, from a 4 foot flying saucer (actually a Dalek spacecraft from INVASION EARTH), to a 6 foot stuffed crocodile.

Of the five days scheduled for the auction, the third, a Wednesday, was set aside for the sale of effects miniatures and properties, and for the occasion the studio's cafeteria had been cleared and converted into an auction emporium. Hundreds of chairs lined the huge dining hall, and there was plenty of standing room to be had, but on the big day the room could hardly contain all the anxious bidders hoping to obtain a bit of nostalgia from a favorite fright film.

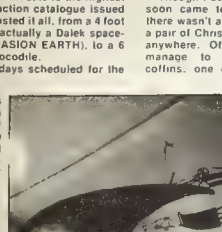
At 10:30, the auctioneer's gavel hit the block, signaling the official opening of the bidding, and the room immediately came to life. The first items offered were a group of matte paintings. They were from films unspecified and were being offered in one lot—90-odd paintings in all. Unfortunately, this type of procedure prevailed too often at the auction. The really exciting pieces were sold in large groups whose price tags rose into the thousands. I did manage to secure two paintings at a fair price, though: one from MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and another from THE VALLEY OF GWANGI. A foam rubber Triffid from DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS went for an exorbitant $350, while the aforementioned flying saucer was obtained by one lucky but lucrative cinephile at a cost of $500. There were numerous model planes and boats on hand, and these were sold at prices ranging from $50 to $600—quite a bit of money for a movie memory that doesn't even fly or float!

Though I searched high and low, I soon came to the conclusion that there wasn't a Harryhausen model or a pair of Chris Lee fangs to be found anywhere. Off in a corner, I did manage to locate several dank coffins, one of which surely must have offered the thirsty Count refuge from the light of day, but by and large you had to look pretty hard to find the really exciting pieces for sale. In boxes marked "effects items," I discovered several little goodies. One box contained a gaggle of foam rubber brains, each tinted a blood red. Deeper digging produced a veritable army of bendable human figures, each about 6 inches high. Whether they were the work of animator Harryhausen is doubtful, but animation buffs would have gotten a charge out of them anyway. And speaking of charges, there were also a number of electrical devices around, looking innocent enough sitting under a ton of British dust, but capable still of giving life to Mary Shelley's monster.

After the bulk of interesting props had been auctioned, I decided to take a walk around the sleeping studio. What I saw attested to the studio's insolvency. Every stage was empty, every backlot bare. Shepperton's production board listed Amicus' THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT as its last production. Save for the remnants of a prehistoric jungle from THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, the only standing set on Shepperton's entire backlot was an old English village. Originally built for the musical OLIVER, it has since been re-used in scores of productions. The studio's expert carpenters performed the requisite changes with a little paint and plaster, and the public was seldom any the wiser. Walking through the cobblestoned streets of this set was quite thrilling. The design and construction was so realistic one half-expected to encounter Peter Cushing himself, hurrying by, with angry villagers in swift pursuit. What a waste there was in this set's destruction!

As the hour grew late a fine English drizzle began to fall. Thinking quickly, I brought my trusty umbrella into play and ambled back to the auction. Once there, I paid for my purchases, arranged for their shipment, and got ready to leave. As I neared the studio gates and surveyed the empty environs, it did indeed seem that Shepperton had fallen. I felt my hand wipe a droplet of water from my eye and, telling myself it was a raindrop, I closed my umbrella and boarded a bus back to London.

—Mark Carducci



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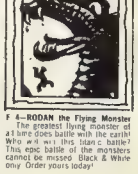

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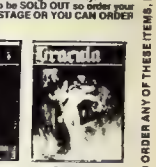

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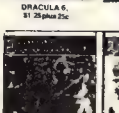

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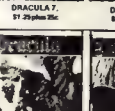

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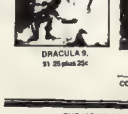

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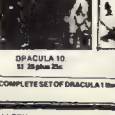

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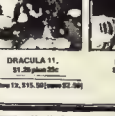

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THE WIZARD OF GORE!

Violence in the media has been, is, and will doubtless continue to be a source of considerable controversy. The "Violence Is Good For You" believers offer data to support their contentions, while those in the "Violence Is Bad For You" camp are equally quick to come up with evidence backing THEIR claims. While we at TMT have no easy answers to offer (beyond a belief that media violence probably provides release for some, may encourage a few and affects the rest little or not at all), we do recognize a fright film industry trend to incorporate more and more explicit blood and gore into its eerie offerings. At the extreme end of this sinister spectrum is director Herschell Gordon Lewis, the man who, for better or worse, invented the low-budget blood-and-gore movie, saturating local markets with titles like BLOOD FEAST, 2000 MANIACS, GRUESOME TWOSOME and THE WIZARD OF GORE. Whatever else you might think about him, Mr. Lewis is nothing if not frank, as you'll discover in Randy Palmer's in-depth interview with Monsterdom's WIZARD OF GORE...

While many people feel that H.G Lewis' "blood n' gore" movies rank among the worst ever made in any genre, some amateur actors would give their right arm to appear in his eerie epics. A good case in point is the unidentified actress who made just such a sacrifice in 2000 MANIACS, the second in H G 's sickening series of violent vehicles

Herschell Gordon Lewis is somewhat infamous in the fright film industry. Everyone, save a select few, condemns his gore films, films like **BLOOD FEAST** (see TMT #24) and **2000 MANIACS**, and condemns him for making them. "Too Revolting," they say. "All the blood is there to cover up the bad acting," they complain. True, to some extent. But even though the horribly butchered victims in a Lewis horror film may be swimming in blood, it would take a good deal more than that to cover up their bad acting. Admittedly, the quality of Herschell Gordon Lewis' gore films are below par. But they **are** entertaining, for some of us, at least. And, besides "dollars," "entertainment" is the key word in the movie industry.

The cinemas today are flooded with gore films and would-be gore films. To witness the butchery in **MARK OF THE DEVIL**, you must have close at hand (or mouth) a "vomit bag"; to watch the plasma pulsate in **TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE**, you must pass through the "final warning station"; "Makes **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** look like a kid's pajama party," proclaim the ads at showings of **THE BLIND DEAD**; and on and on they drip, pictures like **I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN** and **ANDY WARHOL'S DRACULA.**

To those who insist that the gore films are not entertaining, but merely disgusting—you may deliberately protest against the picture itself, but do you turn your head **before** or **after** you've seen the bloodshed in a bad auto accident along the highway? Human nature tells us to look, to see what has happened, to examine, theorize, and **then** shut our eyes if we choose to and try to forget.

The following is an interview with a man who understands this instinct in people and makes his living catering to it in a direct but what I consider harmless way, and in so doing has created a small but unforgettable change in the genre of the horror film.

'Have a heart,'' pleads hapless miss to unseen maniac in BLOOD FEAST, heedless of the fact that in H G Lewis film such suggestions are taken all too literally

TMT: Whenever a discussion about your films takes place, Mr. Lewis, BLOOD FEAST is inevitably mentioned first. Was this actually your first film?

HGL: **BLOOD FEAST** was not my first film by any means. It was the first **gore** film by anyone. My first film was not a horror film but rather a **horrible** film called **THE PRIME TIME**, made back in 1959, and followed by a film called **LIVING VENUS**, which still shows around from time to time. Both those two pictures were in black and white. Then, in 1960, I made a film called **LUCKY PIERRE**, which was the first really respectable winner I had. So **BLOOD FEAST** was not the first film.

TMT: What type of work were you involved in before you began making motion pictures?

HGL: I was in the commercial film business and, like many people in the commercial film business, I felt that there was nothing to making features at all: that any fool with a little luck could make one. Subsequently it turned out that my analysis was right. I also was—and am—in the advertising business.

TMT: What were the circumstances that encouraged you to produce BLOOD FEAST?

HGL: You must remember that the climate for film production in the early and middle 1960s was not what it is (today). Independents had 'a long road to hoe,' if I may use a cliche, when it came to film distribution. In order to interest a theater in playing one's product, it was necessary to make a film that the major companies could not or would not make. My feeling was that the only way to make a film that the major companies could not or would not make was to make either a film that was so loaded with sex or a film that was so loaded with horror that the major companies would feel it was too specialized for them. Thus, **BLOOD FEAST.**

And the theme of **BLOOD FEAST** was one I felt lent itself well to the kind of low-budget intensive production that we were geared to make. Your ego goes out the window and instead you make a picture for the audience rather than for the satisfaction of ego or the winning of an award.

TMT: How did you go about getting BLOOD FEAST distributed?

HGL: There was in the film world a group of distributors who knew of me—who had made some money on my previous pictures—who felt, as I did, the time had come for them to move out of an era in which they could distribute only sex films or else be ignored. Sex films were the only films being made by independents in those days. In that respect, **BLOOD FEAST** is a far greater innovation than it appears to be. While **BLOOD FEAST** was indeed the first 'gore' film, and while the major companies did fall in line behind it, making that kind of picture subsequently (as witness **THE WILD BUNCH**), nonetheless **BLOOD FEAST** had an additional distinction in distribution in that it was the first of its type to be distributed by independent distributors.

TMT: Did you have any problems financing it?

HGL: BLOOD FEAST didn't cost enough money to make me worry about financing it.

TMT: Why did you choose to make BLOOD FEAST an out-and-out blood-and-guts film?

HGL: Why not? Suppose instead of the kind of film we had made, we made one which was a **39 STEPS** kind of suspense story. Do you think that with our budget, with the calibre of actors

Fuad Ramses, demented Egyptian caterer working out of Miami Beach, has the last lash at the expense of shackled victim in one of the milder scenes from BLOOD FEAST. According to auteur Lewis, ''BLOOD FEAST is like a Walt Whitman poem it's no good, but it was the first of its type ''

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we were able to command, with an eight-day shooting schedule, we could have made a film of that [stature]? I don't. I deliberately set out to make this picture this way. Yes, I do feel that if we had spent twice as much money, or spent twice as much time, or had twice as good actors, we could have made a far better film. No, I don't think that would have had a profound effect on the box office receipts.

TMT: The MPA really cracks down on horror films nowadays.

HGL: Today a film of this type automatically is rated **X**, despite the fact that we deliberately make them in a world of fantasy.

TMT: And the major film companies don't want to gamble with an 'X'- or even an 'R'-rated horror film now, it seems, since Fox and Warners and some other majors have been trimming their British horror imports to get 'PG' ratings.

HGL: The major companies, if they are going to make an **X** picture, which they seldom do, they'll make an **X** picture with maximum audience appeal. And the only two **X** pictures I can think of made by the majors are **A CLOCKWORK ORANGE**, since cut down to an **R**, and **LAST TANGO IN PARIS**. This is the reason that the majors don't go as far out as we do in explicit gore. The gore that they use, for example, in the Peckinpah pictures which followed ours is not substantial enough to rate them an **X**, only an **R**.

TMT: Do you like BLOOD FEAST?

HGL: Of course I do. I like every film I've ever seen, with the exception of any film that has Barbra Streisand or Carol Channing in it. Or Mickey Rooney!

TMT: There seem to be a number of people who don't care for the film.

HGL: BLOOD FEAST is a lot of fun. I can't imagine anybody taking it seriously. There are those who do. There are people who've seen it 100 times. I get crank letters to this day on that film from people who have seen it once and who can't understand at all that any such picture could be made by civilized people.

TMT: Which of your own productions are you most pleased with?

HGL: I guess **2000 MANIACS**, because it's the most extensive picture I've ever made. I've made better pictures. I think **SOMETHING WEIRD** is probably a better picture. But **2000 MANIACS** is well-acted all the way through, the effects are good, there are big crowd scenes and it belies its budget.

TMT: Do you think 2000 MANIACS was an improvement over BLOOD FEAST?

HGL: In the sense that it's a far more polished production, yes. Please bear in mind: we compete for playing time not with other independents. We compete with Warner Brothers, we compete with Universal, we compete with Columbia, we compete with Paramount and Fox, so the same reviewers review our pictures who may have seen earlier that day **THE EXORCIST** or **AIRPORT** or **BEN HUR** or some huge-budget picture. We're reviewed in that same frame of mind, so there is no special dispensation. This is one reason that the critics sometimes are unkind; not because the audience is displeased, but because they use a different set of yardsticks altogether.

TMT: How much have BLOOD FEAST and 2000 MANIACS grossed individually?

HGL: Gross is a very tough yardstick, because, when you're in states-wide distribution, you can only deal in net film rental. **BLOOD FEAST** has returned film rentals of about a half a million dollars, and **2000 MANIACS** has returned about $400,000. In that respect, **BLOOD FEAST** has returned film rentals which are roughly fifteen to twenty times its investment. **2000 MANIACS** has brought back about ten times its investment.

TMT: When BLOOD FEAST was shot what was the general attitude among family and friends?

HGL: Well, I was always regarded as an oddball anyway! Bear in mind that for some years I'd been making nudies, so this was a big step up. It's like somebody getting out of jail and going to a half-way house. He's regarded as being re-admitted to organized society. To this day, when I make a gore film, my friends sometimes refuse to sit through it.

TMT: Why do you think BLOOD FEAST and 2000 MANIACS got more attention than some of the others, like WIZARD OF GORE or THE GORE GORE GIRLS?

HGL: Well, I've often made the remark that **BLOOD FEAST** is like a Walt Whitman poem: it's no good, but it was the first of its type!

TMT: Hammer Films used to make three different versions of their horror films: a mild one for Great Britain, a stronger one for America and a bloodier one for Japan. Have you ever done this with any of your productions?

HGL: Nossir! First of all, I don't know that this is really a fact with Hammer. Hammer had scenes which were cut out of certain exhibitions. So have we! We've had circumstances with individual censor boards where we've agreed to cut—for example, in the state of Kansas, the three young ladies of the Kansas censor board (who respectfully total two hundreds years of age) insisted that I cut the tongue scene down [in **BLOOD FEAST**]. So I did. I cut, as a matter of fact, a total of about ten feet. So they could say they did their job, and I could say I did mine.

But I don't think that it makes any sense when you're making a specialty picture to make three versions of a specialty picture the way Sears & Roebuck makes pillow cases; good, better and best! The picture exists on its own level. You take the gore out of **BLOOD FEAST** and all you have left is about fifty-eight or sixty minutes of bad acting, which is no excuse for a picture.

TMT: Have you been forced to cut any scenes from your films by the MPAA?

HGL: Well, the MPAA can't force you to cut scenes. All they can do is give you an **X**. I had a circumstance with **GORE GORE GIRLS** where they rated it **X**, I appealed it (and all these things cost money—that's where one is trapped), I appealed it on the grounds of some of the other types of pictures they had rated **R** and even **PG**. The Appeals Board met in New York. I made my argument, which took about half an hour; the representative of the MPAA, Aaron Stern, made his argument, which took twenty seconds: he simply asked them to confirm it and they confirmed it. But I had a chance there, I suppose, by emasculating the picture to get it rated **R**. But again I cannot believe that I'd have any picture if I did that. So they can't force you to cut scenes, all they can do is give an **X** rating.

TMT: Were there any ideas for any gory scenes you have been unable to complete for any reason?

HGL: Yes. We had a scene in **2000 MANIACS** in which the girl who ultimately the boulder was dropped on was to have been stoned to death. And the reason we didn't do it that way was because I felt that visually it probably wouldn't come off. We would've had to saturate polystyrone stones with stage blood and the effect would not have worked. We tried it short range and it didn't work.

TMT: How did you and your partner, Dave Friedman, work together in terms of casting, what the amount of violence would be in a key scene, and so forth?

HGL: The issues never came up. Dave and I had, in one respect, a perfect partnership. He respected my ability to make pictures; I respected his ability to campaign them. The only argument we ever had over casting was with a girl named Connie Mason, who appeared in **BLOOD FEAST**. [She also appeared in their next production, **2000 MANIACS**—Ed.] I felt she was the least talented actress I had ever met: a former **PLAYBOY** centerfold girl who had at least 78 teeth! (Laughs) Dave seemed to be entranced by this creature so we put her in the part. She could not read a line. That was the only argument we ever had. In fact, we wound up taking lines away from her and giving them to other people, even off-screen voices, just to get the picture finished!

Connie Mason was not one of the massive Thespian talents of our time. She was rather decorative. As Hitchcock said after he had Kim Novak in a picture, "She didn't damage it much," and that was the reaction I have always had to that girl.

TMT: Who actually designed the make-up and the gore?

HGL: It was either Louise Downe or myself. In one picture in which we had a little gore, a picture called **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN**, I had another fellow named Pat Patterson from Charlotte, North Carolina. But Pat's effects were awfully stagey—they weren't really designed to be photographed close up.

TMT: Have you made any pictures in the 'X'-rated vein?

HGL: I shot a film, again for a third person, a man named Hurley, and the film was called **THE PSYCHIC**. It was a pure **G** picture. It was a bleached-out version, in a sense, of a picture we had made called **SOMETHING WEIRD**. This picture could not get played; it was an ego-piece of Hurley's. So, suddenly he decided to add sex scenes to it. So from being a **G** picture it became an **X** picture—a soft **X** but a definite **X**. Ultimately he could not get it played, he had outside investors who were getting very itchy, so Kohlberg, who'll buy anything, bought the picture and retitled it **COPENHAGEN PSYCHIC LOVE**. Kohlberg has a Copenhagen thing. He will put the name Copenhagen on almost any picture. I'm sure that when he plays the picture it'll be called **THE COPENHAGEN STING** and **THE COPENHAGEN EXORCIST** and **SNOW WHITE IN COPENHAGEN**. This is simply the mentality of that particular man. (Laughs)

TMT: Can you give us a one- or two-sentence plot summarization of your horror films other than BLOOD FEAST, 2000 MANIACS and COLOR ME BLOOD RED?

HGL: Ha! I can give you a one-sentence synopsis of **HAMLET**—it'll sound very stupid, but let me try.

There is **A TASTE OF BLOOD. A TASTE OF BLOOD** is a classic Dracula story in modern-day dress. A descendant of the House of Crone, which is the basic Dracula family, is sent a parcel which contains some bottles of ancient brandy. He is instructed by the solicitors for his great-great-great-grandfather's estate to drink this brandy, one sip a day for a certain amount of time. Then one day he gets another letter and it reads, "Descendant of the House of Crone: By the time you read this the blood of the Draculas will be flowing through your veins." (Imitating Lugosi's voice) And he sets out and does a certain amount of damage. **TASTE OF BLOOD** is the longest picture I ever made. It's two hours long and it's very well done, although I suppose you might say it's ponderous at points. It's decorative; it's heavily produced.

Another unlucky lovely falls prey to the psychopathic fun and games of two of 2000 MANIACS, a film described in the original ads as a "Gruesome Slaughter Stained in Brutal Blood Color!"

One of myriad village maniacs relieves young woman of her thumb in 2000 MANIACS, a product of H.G. Lewis' modestly titled Box Office Spectaculars company. The film took 16 days, hundreds of dollars, untold artificial limbs and gallons of stage blood

Herschell Gordon Lewis, once and future Wizard of Gore, mans phone at busy film company headquarters Herschell's impassive expression would seem to belie the irrefutable fact that there's gold in that thar gore

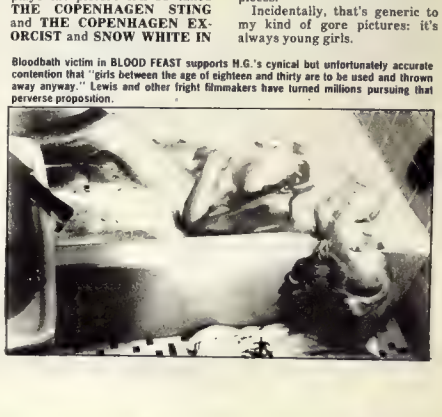
There's a lot of production value in that picture and it never made a dime.

GRUESOME TWOSOME is about a little old lady who runs a wig shop. Her idiot son, who lives in the basement, gives her the makings for the wigs because she lures young girls in through the other door on the grounds of renting them a room, and then Rodney, the son, cuts their scalps out to give her hair to make wigs with.

THE WIZARD OF GORE is almost occult. It's about a magician whose horrible tricks actually work. When he cuts a woman in half, she's cut in half. When he sticks a sword down her throat, there's a sword down her throat. And yet, to the audience, the illusion is only an illusion. Thirty minutes after the show is over, these girls fall into fourteen pieces.

Incidentally, that's generic to my kind of gore pictures: it's always young girls.

Bloodbath victim in BLOOD FEAST supports H.G.'s cynical but unfortunately accurate contention that "girls between the age of eighteen and thirty are to be used and thrown away anyway." Lewis and other fright filmmakers have turned millions pursuing that perverse proposition.



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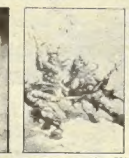

P3. CONAN OF COMMERIA cover of paperback.

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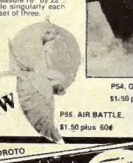

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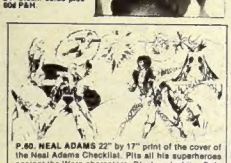

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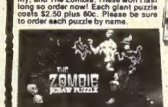

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TMT: We've noticed that.

HGL: Audiences somehow are not interested in seeing geriatric patients disemboweled. They've gotta be nubile, fairly voluptuous if possible, girls between the age of eighteen and thirty, let's say. Let's give them some breadth there. Children, never. We never touch a child. That's not playing the game. But as you perfectly well know, girls between the age of eighteen and thirty are to be used and thrown away anyway!

Then there's **THE GORE GORE GIRLS**, in which a maniac is killing off go-go dancers. **GORE GORE GIRLS** is by far the most hep and certainly the most whimsical of the gore gilms. In many areas it's funny. It's a comedy with gore, if you can visualize it, done very much upbeat, obviously a fantasy.

TMT: What about SOMETHING WEIRD?

HGL: I suppose you **might** consider **SOMETHING WEIRD** as a gore film, although it really isn't. **SOMETHING WEIRD** is about ESP and witchcraft. It's about a man who is hopelessly marked in the face through an accident, and a witch agrees to give him back his good looks if he will become her lover. The witch herself is a completely repulsive crone to him; to everyone else she appears to be a beautiful woman. But to him she is as repulsive as she can possibly be. It's a strange picture.

TMT: The press sheets for MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN give the impression that it's a pure 'G'-rated film, with no gore.

HGL: We had gore in **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN** and took it out because we were getting family audiences. I, with great reluctance, took out the 'stomping scene,' which I thought was one of the best gore effects we ever had.

TMT: What hapens there?

HGL: The federal agent in **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN** was caught by this huge lout who was a half-wit and stomped to death. There's a great scene where this hob-nail boot comes smashing down on the shirt and the shirt splits and you see the ribs and the ribs are smashed and the gore and the blood come flying out, and we took this scene out because we were getting family audiences for **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN.**

TMT: What other films have you made other than the gore films?

HGL: There's **BLAST-OFF GIRLS**, about the girls who follow rock 'n' roll bands. It's full of very good, uptight music—a fairly well-produced picture, but we had sound trouble on the picture and I didn't find that out until long after the Captains and Kings had departed, so in the filtering of the sound, except for the music, there's a problem. But it's a fairly well-made picture.

Then there has been a picture called **THIS STUFF'LL KILL YA.** Now **THIS STUFF'LL KILL YA** is a modern-day **MOONSHINE MOUNTAIN.** It was shot in Oklahoma and it's about a moonshine ring run by a fake preacher and his fake congregation. We had a couple of mild gore effects in there. In that particular case, I had a girl stoned to death; this was the effect we took out of **2000 MANIACS** and it worked this time because we shot it at night, not in the daytime, so some of the problems we might've had we didn't have. We had a textured stone which, when it hit her in the face, looked for all the world as if it had bruised the living daylights and scraped her skin. That worked.

Then there was **YEAR OF THE YAHOO**, about a country & western singer who runs for senator. We shot this one in San Antonio. It had Claude King, a fairly well-known country & western singer, in the lead.

Then there was **SUBURBAN ROULETTE** which we thought was very daring when we shot it back in 1967. By today's standards it's impossibly tame.

Then there is **HOW TO MAKE A DOLL**, a horrible picture. That's one that Dave Chugno, who was my partner on **SUBURBAN ROULETTE**—his wife, I **think**, wrote this picture, although it was never admitted. And I made that as a package together with a picture that I like and nobody else does called **JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT. HOW TO MAKE A DOLL** is about a professor who makes life-like gorgeous dolls out of some infernal machine that he's got. It's a comedy. It's a good bottom half for a double-feature. **JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT** is about a bunch of kids who smash things. I made that picture in 1968, and it was again way ahead of its time. It's the kind of picture that is very much in vogue today. I might, in fact, bring it back. There's one problem in that the cars are somewhat out-of-date, but it's about a bunch of kids who smash things. The picture opens with a whole group of young people at a psychedelic kind of party; their faces are partly painted and they're standing around on one leg and one huge, hulking oaf is sitting alone on the couch and someone empties a goldfish bowl over his head. He takes the goldfish bowl and throws it into a place-glass mirror, which sets off general carnage which doesn't end until the entire room is demolished. Furniture, walls, everything! We just emptied out the studio in that shot! On the covering shot for that particular sequence, we ran over 600 feet without a cut, and we used two other cameras for closer shots and for action. It's a fairly hard-boiled picture and it's an **R.**

TMT: What has been your biggest-budgeted film to date?

HGL: Either **2000 MANIACS** or **A TASTE OF BLOOD.**

TMT: What about the smallest?

HGL: (Laughs) **LUCKY PIERRE. LUCKY PIERRE** was so cheap to make, I don't ever tell anyone what that cost to make. We only bought 8,000 feet of film to make the picture. The finished film runs seventy minutes on the nose, which is 6,300 feet of finished film. We cut the slates off—we didn't have enough left to make a trailer. In fact, **LUCKY PIERRE** was so cheap that sometimes in that picture the actors had to work their own clapstick! They would say, "Scene four, Take one," and hit the stick and throw it aside and start to act. We had no person to hold the stick.

TMT: To keep production costs down, have you used friends as characters in your pictures, or are "professional" actors employed?

HGL: Sure I used friends in pictures. They are certainly no worse than many actors I know. As a matter of fact, some of my friends, who have about as much acting talent as a half-wit oyster, are still more talented than such actors as Tab Hunter or Marilyn Monroe or Dorothy Lamour or Rod Taylor or some of the glossy female brutes who parade around as actresses today. Sid Reeth, who was my partner in **A TASTE OF BLOOD**, played the part of a lawyer in that picture. He was so bad I had to cut all but two lines which I had to have for the plotline. Otherwise it was unbelievable; it was a deadly day's shooting.

Whether or not somebody is an actor depends to a great extent on whether somebody else **thinks** he's an actor. I'll give you an example: in **BLOOD FEAST**, there's a fellow named Scott Hall who plays the police captain.

A battered, bruised and bloodied female turns up on the beach in Lewis's gruesomely groundbreaking BLOOD FEAST, a film that, according to its creator, returned "roughly fifteen to twenty times its investment." H.G.'s crew of largely unprofessional actors are usually at their best when playing corpses.

Scott Hall was not an actor; he was hired for crew. He's an old-time carny friend of Dave Friedman's. We invited him down to Miami to work on **BLOOD FEAST.** The fellow who was supposed to play the police captain didn't show up. So Scott Hall became the police captain. Now Scott had not the vaguest idea of how to act. In fact, he was uncomfortable wearing a suit and tie, and I gave him a hat to wear which he constantly misplaced. You'll find scenes in **BLOOD FEAST** where the police captain will walk in from the outside with a straw hat—you discover him inside, he's wearing a felt hat! This is because Scott had no idea how to hang on to his props. So I said to him, finally, when it became apparent that he could not act at all, I said, "Scott, shout your lines. Be angry all the time," which is an old acting trick that certainly goes back behind Shakespeare. And he did. No one has walked out of **BLOOD FEAST** because the police captain can't act. It's not really a factor. It may be the reason I didn't get an Academy Aware on that picture, but that's the only penalty I've had to pay.

I don't take the role of the actor in a low-budget picture that seriously. I've had some half-names in pictures; Harvey Korman was in **LIVING VENUS**, Tim Holt was in **THIS STUFF'LL KILL YA**, Karen Black was in **THE PRIME TIME.** They can't act, and yet there are people who say they can. It may be that with enough patience, just as some people can train a flea to hop over their fingers—or I saw an act once at the Shrine Circus where someone had trained cows to run in a circle (laughs)—you can teach people to act. That's all these people are. They are trained animals. Lewis' Dancing Bears!

TMT: How long did it take to film BLOOD FEAST?

HGL: Eight days. Eight magnificent days in the Florida sun. We didn't really know in front how long it **should** take, especially since when we started shooting **BLOOD FEAST** we were still writing it! Louise Downe carries the screenwriting credit on that picture. Actually she and I wrote it together in tandem, taking turns on the typewriter, and as one of us would write because the other was exhausted, the other would start fooling with gore effects. There had not been a gore picture; I hated the kind of stage blood one could get, so we went down to Barfred Laboratories in Coral Gables, Florida, and created our own stage blood. Lo and behold, about three months later, I got a form mailer from Barfred Laboatories offering to sell me my own concocted stage blood for $7.50 a gallon. (Laughs) We've bought about two hundred gallons of it since then!

TMT: Is eight days the approximate shooting schedule for all your films?

HGL: No. **2000 MANIACS** took us sixteen shooting days. **A TASTE OF BLOOD** was fourteen days. **COLOR ME BLOOD RED** was thirteen or fourteen shooting days. **GRUESOME TWOSOME** was six days. I shot **GRUESOME TWOSOME** because I had to have something to pull out **SOMETHING WEIRD**, which wasn't performing. So I coupled that with **GRUESOME TWOSOME** and the combination really did very well. **GORE GORE GIRLS** was fourteen days. **WIZARD OF GORE** was thirteen days of shooting. That's a more common length of shooting.

TMT: BLOOD FEAST and 2000 MANIACS both had several of the same actors and actresses. Were they both filmed around the same time?

HGL: **2000 MANIACS** was filmed roughly six months after **BLOOD FEAST.** There was never any intention to run the two pictures together, in those days. Bill Curwen played the male lead in both pictures. Bill is a consummate actor. He knows where to stand. If you ask him to do the same thing four times, he'll do it exactly the same way. There's no problem cutting to a close-up on him. Connie Mason, I've already explained, played—**attempted**—the female lead in both pictures. I think those were the only overlaps in casting. **2000 MANIACS** was shot in a town called St. Cloud, which is near Orlando, Florida. **BLOOD FEAST** was shot in Miami.

The professor who gives the lecture in **BLOOD FEAST** was actually a fellow who hocked candy during the intermission at the Gayety Theater in Miami Beach! We used him in this one and we couldn't get him to say 'identify'—he kept saying 'endentify,' and we had to kind of clip the track finally to have it sound like 'edentify,' which nobody objected to. That's the kind of talent that we do get, though.

TMT: Are there any amusing anecdotes you can relate concerning your films?

HGL: Yes, there are. Going back to that last chase scene in **BLOOD FEAST**—a man's being chased down the Miami garbage dump and no matter how hard I yelled and screamed, the police who were chasing him passed him! They wouldn't maintain their distance. So ultimately we had to piece the thing together. They just refused to stay behind him; they thought it was some kind of a contest where they had to catch him. We had asked them to give us an old garbage scow and the city of North Miami Beach to be cooperative, the night before we shot it they had the whole thing repainted, so we had a brand new garbage scow—they were going to be in show business!

TMT: One other film people sometimes compare your gore films to is NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. What is your opinion of the film?

HGL: Well, at the risk of being regarded as competitive, I think it's overrated. It's not really a gore film and it's in black and white. That's the picture that was shot in Pittsburgh and I played it in one of my theaters. I have no objection to the picture, I just don't think that it is parallel to our gore pictures. I've heard this a hundred times, by the way, so it's not that it's the first time I've heard the comment made. But I do not regard **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** as a gore picture.

TMT: What are your future plans concerning filmmaking?

HGL: I'm in pre-production on a picture called **GALAXY GIRLS.** A different kind of picture altogether. **GALAXY GIRLS** is about some girls who come from a planet where sex is food, and that is they must have sex to live—it is their nourishment. But the men on their planet look like suitcases. So they'y don't know what earthmen look like. They are beamed to planet Earth and it's a comedy. It's like Woody Allen's **SLEEPER.** I don't know quite when I'm going to shoot it or even, for that matter, where. There is no nudity in it. It's not designed at all to have any prurient appeal; it's strictly a comedy and I imagine I'll get a **PG** but I won't complain if I get an **R.**

TMT: Thank you, Mr. Lewis.

HGL: Thank you for asking. ■

The Horror Films of Herschell G. Lewis

BLOOD FEAST (1963)
2000 MANIACS (1965)
COLOR ME BLOOD RED (1966)
A TASTE OF BLOOD (1967)
SOMETHING WEIRD (1968)
GRUESOME TWOSOME (1969)
WIZARD OF GORE (1970)
THE GORE GORE GIRLS (1972)

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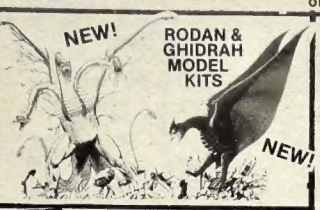

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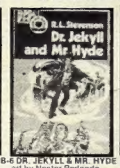

PB-6 DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE
art by Nestor Redondo

PB-3 THE TIME MACHINE
art by Alex Nino

PB-1 THE INVISIBLE MAN
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PB-4 FRANKENSTEIN
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